

## THE RANDALL FARM.

The eloquence and logic of Dr. McGlynn's recent address at the Academy of Music, and perhaps also the number and enthusiasm of his hearers, caused a profound impression on at least one of the papers that have hitherto attempted to ignore the great cause in behalf of which the orator asked his audience to take up "the cross of a new crusade." That paper acknowledged that the "address is entitled to rank with those great orations which, at critical times and from the mouths of men of genius, have swayed the course of public opinion and changed the onward movement of nations." After such a declaration and in the face of such a speech, animated by the loftiest Christian feeling, the attempt to stigmatize the doctrine of the land for the people as immoral was necessarily abandoned, but the journal in question attempted, in a patronizing way, to show that the money necessary to accomplish the objects sought could not be obtained through the taxation of land to its full rental value. The argument put forth is that the annual expenditures of our city government "are about \$32,000,000, while the aggregate value of all the real estate within the city limits, improvements included, is \$1,257,275,903. Deducting only half of this amount for the value of improvements, which is much too little, there remains \$628,637,951, and a rental of even four per cent on this sum, which would be more than could be obtained by the city government, would be only \$25,145,518, or nearly \$7,000,000 less than we now obtain."

It is certainly a great step forward to have thus had the cant and moral false pretense of the opponents of reform in taxation brushed aside and the discussion transformed to the economic aspects of the measures proposed. But in this, the first attempt in this direction, the unfairness that has marked the advocacy of the existing conditions in the earlier stages of the discussion is still displayed. No one having the slightest knowledge of the taxing system imagines for a moment that the figures of the assessment above quoted represent the selling value of the land and buildings within the city limits. On the contrary, it is universally acknowledged that the assessment does not aim to include more than sixty per cent of such value. The figures given above are, therefore, intentionally misleading, and if all of the other assumptions in the calculation quoted were admitted, the corrected figures would give a total value of \$1,760,186,264. The half of this would be \$880,093,132, and a tax of four per cent on this would yield \$35,203,725, bringing in a handsome surplus over the present expenditures as stated. Thus the argument absolutely fails the moment that one of the false premises on which it is based is corrected. But this is by no means the only false premise in the quoted statement. Not only is it a notorious fact that the assessment is designed to cover but sixty per cent of the selling value of improved property, but it is equally well known that the assessment is proportionately much lower on unimproved lots, and hence in any attempt to make it the basis for a valuation of the bare land within the city limits, it is a gross error to assume that the buildings are equal in value to the land, or even nearly equal. Again, the assumption that four per cent is the highest rental value that could be obtained by a great and growing city from the ground included within it is mere guess work, and entirely without foundation in fact. Few if any ground rents are now fixed at so low a rate, and yet occupants of property thus leased pay this rent to private claimants, and, in addition, pay to the public the full taxation imposed by the city on the land and also on the buildings that they have erected on it.

## WHAT RANDALL'S FARM RENTS DEMONSTRATES.

This is not a matter of mere argument or opinion. The old Randall farm, owned by Snug Harbor, described and illustrated in the last number of THE STANDARD, is in the heart of this city. It contains property valuable for business purposes and adjacent to Broadway, and other property available for private residences and boarding houses. It is a fairly representative tract of the city. Its ground on Broadway will not rent for anything like the sum easily attainable for Broadway property down town, or even for property on the same street between Fourteenth and Thirtieth streets. Its land occupied by the handsome residences on Fifth avenue and Washington square cannot be compared in value with land further up Fifth avenue, while the remainder of the land, occupied by less pretentious dwellings and small stores, certainly does not yield rents equal to the average for all that portion of the city lying below Forty-second street. This is no assumption resting on guess work, but an obvious fact that will be admitted by every honest man whose avocation makes him familiar with real estate values. This estate, as has already been shown, has increased in rental value more than seventy fold during a period occupied in increasing our population to twenty times the number it had when the growth of the town toward the Randall farm began. It has been shown that this tract occupies but the one hundred and eighty-sixth part of the area of the city below Forty-second street, and that its owners, starting with practically nothing but the bare ground, have, in eighty years, been able to establish and support an extensive home for sailors, acquire many of the buildings erected by others on these lands, create a surplus of nearly a million dollars, and bring their rent roll up to \$276,196.71 in 1886, and to estimate

an increase to more than \$300,000 for the present year. It is furthermore shown that this splendid revenue has been derived solely from ground rents until quite a recent date, and that such additions to it as have since been made arise from a surplus accumulated through ground rents.

## A HUNDRED MILLIONS A YEAR.

No better basis than this can be found for making a moderate estimate of the rental value of bare land in New York city. Of course, in many cases the owner of the ground also owns the building. In no such case, however, does the selling value of the bare land fail to become an important factor in fixing the rent, while the shorter leases in such cases enable the owner to tax the increase in value more frequently than is possible under the long Snug Harbor leases. It is therefore certain that such owners obtain a higher ground rent than is yielded to the trustees of the Snug Harbor by the five per cent paid to them on valuations of their land made every twenty-one years. The estimate based on their experience must therefore fall short of the total amount of ground rents derived by private individuals, estates and corporations from the possession of the soil of New York city. Taking, then, as the basis for such calculation, the actual rents from the Randall farm for 1886 and omitting all other income, it is clear that the ground rents for that portion of this city south of Forty-second street were at least, for that year, 1886, \$276,191.71, or \$51,072,588, or, taking the whole revenue as a basis, over \$55,000,000. This is no guess work, but a safe and moderate calculation based on actual business experience. For reasons already given it is manifest that this is much below the amount for the whole of that area. It is therefore clear that a ground rent on the bare land of the lower half of Manhattan island can and does yield to somebody more than \$50,000,000 a year, an amount to be increased for the present year (1887), according to the Snug Harbor estimates, to \$55,451,715. But large as are these figures they fail to indicate what it is possible for the city to derive from a tax that shall appropriate to public use the full rental value of land. The people who paid the sums to the Snug Harbor trustees as a five per cent rent on the values of the Randall farm, also paid the city taxes amounting to about half as much more. It is therefore evident that the city and the owners together are able to obtain fully \$75,000,000 out of the land of this island below Forty-second street; and it is certainly a moderate estimate that the land above that street would, if thus taxed to its full rental value, yield half as much more, and thus give to the public \$100,000,000 a year, \$32,000,000 of which is now taken by the city and \$68,000,000 by private individuals. However great an allowance may be made for a reduction of rental values through the stimulus given to building by the encouragement given to the use of land now held vacant, the necessary remainder will still be great enough to show how absurd is an estimate of \$25,000,000 as the full ground rent of this city, while actual experience shows how erroneous is the declaration that four per cent is the maximum that the city could levy as a land tax.

## FUTURE INCREASE OF REVENUE.

The advocates of the land for the people doctrine are not, however, to confine themselves to the consideration of present land values. There is not a land speculator in New York who does not know that the marvelously rapid rise in these values in the past is sure to continue in the future. So certain is this that millions of dollars have been unhesitatingly staked upon it. The income from the Randall farm has increased more than seventy fold during the past eighty years. The testimony of the late Edward H. Ludlow, recently quoted in THE STANDARD, showed that the gross value of the land of this city had increased more than a thousand millions of dollars during his lifetime. The total income of the Snug Harbor estate has increased over one hundred and thirty-eight per cent during the past sixteen years, and the last annual report of the trustees contains an estimate of income for the present year showing that the increase in rents for 1887 over that of 1886 will be more than 7½ per cent, a ratio but little below that of the past sixteen years. If so much can thus be done under private ownership, how much more can be done when the vast revenue derived from the land shall be expended in public improvements and in other additions to the comfort and attractiveness of city life? "Cold arithmetic," so far from playing havoc with the attractive picture drawn by Dr. McGlynn in his address on "The Cross of a New Crusade," fortifies all of his statements, and opens up a vista that even enthusiasts may well hesitate to attempt to describe.

## HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS.

The history of the Randall farm answers most of the queries propounded by the ignorant and incredulous as to the practical working of the proposed system of land taxation. It proves that men will not only build upon and improve property not their own, but that they will contract in advance to pay rental, in time, on the increased values created by themselves and others, and to surrender at an appraised price the improvements that they have themselves made. Here is a copy of a clause that appears in the Snug Harbor leases:

It is hereby mutually covenanted and agreed, that if, at the expiration of the term hereby granted the said parties hereto shall agree upon a renewal of this lease for a further term of twenty-one years, and shall by mutual consent fix upon the annual ground rent to be reserved in such renewed lease, then the said parties of the first part, their successors or assigns, shall and will execute to the said party of the second part his executors, administrators or assigns, at his or their expense, a new lease of the aforesaid

premises for the further term of twenty-one years, and after the expiration of the term hereby granted at the annual ground rent, payable half yearly, agreed upon between the said parties aforesaid. But if, at the expiration of the term hereby granted, the said parties shall not agree upon a renewal of this lease or upon the amount of the rent to be reserved for such renewed term, then each party shall choose a disinterested person, who shall be the owner, in fee simple, of one or more lots of land in the neighborhood of the premises hereby demised, and the said persons so hereby demised, considering it as a vacant lot at its full and fair value at private sale, and they shall also under oath appraise the building now erected on the said lot or any other building of like description as its substitute, which shall cover the whole front of such lot, be constructed of brick or stone, two or more stories high, and covered with slate or metal, with its front finished in such style as may be approved of by said parties of the first part, their successors or assigns, at its then actual worth, without reference to the ground on which it stands; and in case the said appraisers shall differ in their valuation or appraisal, either of the lot or building, they shall then choose an umpire qualified as aforesaid, whose decision under oath shall be final and conclusive, and the said parties of the first part, their successors or assigns, shall have the full liberty and choice either to pay to the said party of the second part, his executors, administrators or assigns, the value of the said building, so determined as aforesaid, or to grant a renewal of this lease unto the said party of the second part, his executors, administrators or assigns, at an annual ground RENT OF FIVE PER CENT on the value of the said lot, so determined as aforesaid. And it is further mutually covenanted and agreed that at the expiration of each and every term which may be thereafter granted by each and every subsequent renewal of this lease, the said parties of the first part, their successors or assigns, shall still have and retain the full liberty and choice either to grant a further renewal for the further term of twenty-one years, at such annual rent, payable half yearly, as shall be ascertained and determined in the manner aforesaid, or to pay unto the said party of the second part, his executors, administrators or assigns, the value of the said building or its substitute, to be ascertained as aforesaid. And it is further mutually covenanted and agreed by and between the parties aforesaid that whenever the said parties of the first part, their successors or assigns, shall refuse to grant a renewal of this lease as aforesaid the said building or its substitute shall be valued and paid for as aforesaid.

Provided, always, that the said party of the second part, his executors, administrators or assigns, shall not be compelled to surrender the premises until such payment be made as is intended.

The party of the second part to pay and discharge all duties, taxes and assessments during the term hereby granted.

Thus it appears that numbers of people have been found willing to agree to erect houses of a style prescribed by the lessors, paying for the ground a rental of five per cent on its value at private sale and giving the lessor at the expiration of the lease full liberty either to take their buildings at an appraised value or to renew the lease at five per cent on the value of ground at the time of such renewal. This is a conclusive answer to one of the objections most frequently urged against the proposal to concentrate all taxation on land values. The tenure of land under such a system would be much more secure than it is under the Snug Harbor leases, which give the lessee an assurance of but twenty-one years' possession, and obligate him to surrender his building at an appraised value if the trustees demand it, even though the tenant be willing to pay the increased rent. Under the system of taxing land values advocated by the United Labor party of New York the occupant would have full liberty of choice as to whether he would pay the increased tax or sell his building (probably at its appraised value) to some one else, and so long as he chose to pay the tax he would hold the land, not on any twenty-one years' lease, but in fee, by a right perpetual and transferable. Again, when rental values shall have been fully ascertained under the new system it is not likely that the increase in taxes will be any more rapid than it has, under the existing system, been on this Randall farm, all of which increase has been met by the tenants and not by the owners of the property. It is folly, then, in the face of such an experience to say that the levying of all taxation on land values would prevent building.

## THE INCREASE IN RENTS.

The rapid increase in the total income from the Randall farm has already been shown. A few examples taken at random from the recorded leases in the register's office will show how this has affected individual properties during the past forty or fifty years. A plan showing the size and location of each lot referred to is herewith given. The first is a lot 25 by 92 feet, situated on the south side of Tenth street, 100 feet from Broadway.

This lot was leased May 1, 1844, to Asher Kursheedt for twenty-one years at \$200 per year. The same lot was leased May 1, 1865, to John Thornley for twenty-one years at \$500 a year, and at the expiration of that term it was leased again on May 1, 1886, to Jefferson M. Levy for twenty-one years at \$650 a year.

The next lot is on the south side of Ninth street near University place.

It was leased May 1, 1844, to Charles B. Hatch for twenty-one years at \$175 a year. Leased again May 1, 1865, to Alexander Van Rensselaer for twenty-one years at \$400 a year, and again on May 1, 1886, to

Louisa Van Rensselaer for twenty-one years at \$500 a year.

The next lot is in the same block, a few doors east of the one last described.

This was leased May 1, 1844, to Barzilla Deming for twenty-one years at \$175 a year; on May 1, 1865, to Hiram Geer, executor of Margaret Geer, deceased, for twenty-one years at \$400 per year, and in May 1, 1886, to Sarah A. De Venny for twenty-one years at \$500 a year.

The next lot is at the corner of Clinton place and University place.

It was leased May 1, 1835, to Edgar Jenkins for seventeen years at \$168.50 a year; on Nov. 1, 1852, to Morgan L. Smith for twenty-one years at \$300 a year, and on Nov. 1, 1873, to the same for twenty-one years at \$750 a year.

The next lease examined is that of a lot on the south side of Ninth street.

It was leased May 1, 1833, to Gordon Burnham for twenty-one years at \$100 a year; on May 1, 1854, to Ross W. Wood for twenty-one years at \$200 a year, and on May 1, 1875, to the same for \$500 a year.

The next property is on University place.

It was leased Nov. 1, 1841, for thirteen and a half years to Anson Baker for \$72 a year; on May 1, 1855, to the same for twenty-one years at \$200 a year, and on May 1, 1876, to the same for twenty-one years at \$600 a year.

The next lot is on the north side of Ninth street, near Broadway.

It was leased May 1, 1855, to Ann Bunker Hutton for twenty-one years at \$200 a year, and again leased to him May 1, 1876, for twenty-one years at \$500 a year.

The next lot is on Clinton place, near University place.

It was leased May 1, 1855, to Ann Bunker Hutton for twenty-one years at \$200 a year, and again on May 25, 1885, to Albertina Matthews and Caroline Homer for eleven years eleven months and five days at \$500 a year.

These leases are representative of the less valuable property of the estate, and do not include any property on Broadway or Washington square. They show that the rental value of the land has tripled during the past forty or forty-five years, the increase varying with the location. In a few instances the same person has held through a twenty-one years' lease and made a renewal, but usually death or some other cause has prevented this. It appears, however, that no serious difficulties have been encountered in such cases in making transfers, since the property was taken at the expiration of the lease at as high a rental as was paid by those who held on through a period of twenty-one years and then renewed the lease.

On Broadway the advance in rents, though not proportionately so great, reaches figures that enable one to understand the enormous growth in the income of the estate. The block bounded by Ninth and Tenth streets, Broadway and Fourth avenue, was leased to A. T. Stewart on May 1, 1869, for twenty-one years, with the privilege of renewal, at an annual rent of \$12,000 for the first four years, and at an annual rent of \$36,000 for the remaining seventeen years. At the time this negotiation began there were some twenty odd leases of lots on this block made to divers persons from 1848 to 1852, yielding to the trustees an aggregate rent of \$5,220. Mr. Stewart bought these leases up and surrendered them to the trustees, and then received a lease for the whole block on the terms stated. The trustees, it will be seen, did nothing, but the tenant rendered an enormous service to the estate and agreed to a great increase of rent for the mere privilege of occupying the bare ground.

A lot one hundred feet deep, having a front of twenty-five feet on Broadway, was leased in May, 1850, to James Blackstock for twenty-one years at \$275 per annum, and this lease was renewed May 1, 1871, for twenty-one years at an annual rent of \$3,700.

The lot at the southeast corner of Broadway and Ninth street, having a front of

23 feet 4 inches on Broadway and of 93 feet 11 inches on Ninth street (now occupied by Fredricks, the photographer), was leased Nov. 1, 1852, to George P. Parker for twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$600. It was again leased Nov. 1, 1873, to Elizabeth M. Campbell, administratrix of George P. Parker, for twenty-one years at a rent of \$3,500 a year.

A lot 100 feet deep, with a front of 23 feet, on the east side of Broadway, above Eighth street, was leased in May, 1850, to Samuel R. Johnson at an annual rent of \$225, and the lease was renewed on May 1, 1871, at a rent of \$3,250 a year. Large as the increase on the rental of the ground occupied by Stewart's store appears, it was not proportionately so great as the increase of rent on these small lots, on which rent advanced tenfold in twenty-one years.

## BUILDINGS ON THE PROPERTY.

New Yorkers are familiar with the many conspicuous buildings on the Snug Harbor tract, but readers outside of the city will be interested in knowing that some of the finest buildings in the city have been erected on this old farm, on which the bare ground of a single lot, 25x100 feet, now rents for more than a fair-sized farm devoted to agricultural purposes and improved by buildings. On Broadway, occupying the whole block from that street to Fourth avenue, and from Ninth to Tenth streets, stands the great iron building erected by A. T. Stewart, and still commonly known as "Stewart's up-town store." A block below, on Broadway, stands the Sinclair house, a well known hotel, and adjoining it is the handsome and costly building owned by Mr. Potter and occupied as a large clothing house.

Opposite the Sinclair house is the handsome building erected by the Snug Harbor trustees and occupied by Dodd, Mead & Co., the publishers. On the same side of Broadway are the well known retail dry-goods houses of Daniels & Son and Kaighnan & Co. On Waverly place, between University place and Fifth avenue (known as North Washington square), stands a solid and handsome row of dwelling houses, in what was some years ago the most fashionable residential part of New York, and which is still one of the most desirable and costly places of residence in the city. On the Fifth avenue front of the Randall farm stands the famous Brevoort house. The Church of the Strangers on Mercer street, half a block from the New York hotel, stands on the property, as does also the building on University place formerly occupied by the Union Theological seminary. Clinton place (Eighth street) and Ninth street, from Broadway to Fifth avenue, run through the property, and are lined with dwelling houses from three to four stories in height and very largely used as boarding houses. In fact, this little farm now has a population of thousands, and in numbers, business activity and in the style of buildings surpasses many of the smaller cities of the country. Not a foot of this land has ever been sold to any of the occupants who have covered it with fine buildings, and, of course, no such sale can be made. Had this unearned increment gone to the people who created it, not only in this but in all cases, this city would have been burdened with no debt, no taxation could have been borne by its inhabitants beyond an amount equal to that which they have paid as rents to private individuals and the activity and enterprise of the metropolis would have made it not only the greatest city, but the most comfortable place of residence on the continent.

## HOW THIS INCREASE IN VALUES IS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The increase in the value of the Randall farm has been manifestly brought about solely by the pressure of population, supplemented by the labor and capital of the tenants. There is not as much as a peg on which to hang a doubt in the case. An old man about to die, some eighty years ago, was in doubt as to what disposal he should make of his property. He accepted the suggestion of his counsel that he should devote its income to the maintenance of disabled seamen. He named as his executors and trustees a number of men appointed without any thought that they would be thus associated in the control of this property. Many of them are men having no claim to special sagacity in business or to any peculiar fitness for the management of real estate. The claim of prescience or shrewdness often set up in behalf of private owners of land cannot be made here. All that these men had to do was maintain their grip on twenty-one acres of Manhattan island and wait for the community to do the rest. They made no outlay on the property. They opened no streets, graded no lots, built no sewers, paid for no light or water. All of that, by the terms of every lease, they made their tenants obligate themselves to do. The owners of the property built no houses on the land. That also was done by the tenants. As soon as these tenants had built so many as ten houses every remaining vacant lot on the Randall farm had an increased rental value, which went, not to the builders of the houses, but to the owners of the land. Without ceasing, though varying from time to time, this increase has gone on, and the estimates for the coming year show that it is still going on. The people who cause it do not obtain one cent of the increase in the rental value of this land. It all goes to the trustees, who make no pretense of doing anything to bring it about, and through them, ultimately, it goes to the sailors who are so comfortably taken care of down at Snug Harbor. It would be difficult to find a more perfect illustration of how the whole community causes the increase in land values, or one

more fully demonstrating how a few landowners, who render no service whatever in return, absorb the whole of such increase. In this case the revenue thus obtained is devoted to a charitable purpose. But this is but the one hundred and eighty-sixth part of Manhattan island below Forty-second street. From the vast remainder of the area now included within the city limits thousands of private land owners, who, as such, render no service to the community, draw yearly tens of millions of dollars of income from values created by the whole community, just as the existing values of the Randall farm have been created by the community. Every consideration of justice, equity and social progress demands that this process shall be stopped, and the advocates of the new system, so far from being subject to the reproach of an immoral attack on the rights of property, may justly claim that they are the only people having the sagacity to perceive and the courage to oppose the continuance of a system that enables a favored class to appropriate that which it has no hand in bringing into existence, and to rob others of the fruits of their labor. The injustice that has been done cannot now be undone, but every delay that greed or ignorance is able to interpose to the recovery by the people of that increase in values, which they are still creating from day to day, is a crime against the most sacred rights of property and a blow at the rights, the happiness, the freedom and the prosperity of generations yet unborn.

## MR. WILSON BARRETT'S HAMLET.

How Its Presentation Affected One of the Audience—A Monday Impersonation.

The time was Monday night last, the place the Star theater. I was one of a large audience gathered to see Wilson Barrett play Hamlet.

The curtain rose and showed the stage dressed to represent a platform before the Castle of Elsinore. A shifting of scenes, and an apartment in the palace was before us; another shifting, and we saw the platform once again. The scenery was the perfection of illusion, the players were perfect in their parts, but there was with me a constant sense that it was scenery and play acting I was looking at. I saw an actor playing Hamlet on a stage, and my mind was critically questioning, Would the real Hamlet have behaved thus in presence of the ghost? or would the real Polonius have so delivered himself of those parting words to his son?

The curtain fell and rose again. The scenes shifted, the action of the play proceeded, and gradually there stole upon me a feeling as though the whole thing were real. I ceased to question whether Shakespeare's Hamlet would have done thus and so—the real Hamlet was before me, and could have done no other than he did; and when he drew near Ophelia, with words of tenderness just trembling to his lips, and glancing at the arras that concealed the spies, knew himself betrayed and mocked, and burst into that agony of gibing self-tormenting scorn—ah! then my soul went out to him, as to a man whose torn, bleeding, grieving heart was bared before me—and the stage vanished, and thenceforth Hamlet was a living presence.

It was not Shakespeare's Hamlet! And pray, good critic, how know you that? It may not have been the Hamlet of Johnson, or of Malone, or of you, fair sir, or me; but Shakespeare's—who shall say? And if it were not Shakespeare's, what matters it? It was Hamlet's self I saw, not a portrayal of some other man's idea of him. Hamlet himself, the proud, high-spirited, honest-hearted gentleman, to whom a friend's lightest treachery was as a whip of scorpions, and the thought of his love's trifling with him as a dagger in the heart. Hamlet himself, a joyous-hearted youth, transformed by one rude stroke of destiny into a self-appointed, self-tormenting minister of justice, dreading his weird and shaking off his life as gladly as a tired man his clothes. And having seen him, shall I criticize and carp at the man who in his own proper person showed him to me? As soon would I think of abusing you, good sir, because some friend to whom upon request you introduced me should prove to differ somewhat from my preconceived imagining.

T. L. MCCREADY.

## ELECTION INSPECTORS.

The Bill Giving the Labor Party Its Rights at the Polls.

The bill giving the labor party of New York city an inspector of election at each poll was considered by the assembly judiciary committee at Albany on Wednesday. Abner C. Thomas, as counsel for the executive committee of the party, demanded that the bill be passed. He said that he had no favors to ask and no pledges or promises to make, but was there to demand that a party casting next to the highest number of votes should have the same right of the polls as the parties polling the highest, and lowest votes. At present the republicans are allowed two inspectors, Tammany one and the county democracy and Irving hall factions one. The new bill gives the labor party one, the democrats one, the republicans one, and allows the police commissioners to award the fourth to whichever party they select. Mr. Irwin had the impudence to suggest that the party ought to be satisfied with a poll clerk, but Mr. Thomas resented the suggestion. No action was taken on the bill by the committee.

## Wang Sao Chuen's Discovery.

WYTHEVILLE, Va.—In your issue of March 19 appeared a very remarkable solution of the "labor problem," remarkable for its peculiarity, no less than its brutality. If the idea could be improved on so as to take out the entire brain and render the laborer a thorough machine, what a benefit it would be to the race! I do not remember ever having seen so thoroughly cold blooded and heartless a theory advanced before. Indeed, I could scarcely determine whether the writer was in earnest or in jest. The idea is as inhuman as it is impracticable—a very fit emanation from the brain of a celestial.

LEIGH GORDON.

## Everett P. Wheeler to Discuss the Tariff.

Everett P. Wheeler will deliver an address under the auspices of the New York Free trade club on "The Story of a House; how the tariff affects rents." The address will be given next Thursday, April 14, in room 21 Cooper Union.

## Land and Labor in Mauch Chunk.

A strong land and labor club has been formed in Mauch Chunk, Pa. This organization has secured the services of Dr. Chas. P. McCarthy of New York for a lecture-meeting to be held shortly.



## ARCHIEPISCOPAL FOLLY.

WARNING DR. M'GLYNN'S FRIENDS AND  
SENTENCING DR. CURRAN.

Archbishop Corrigan Rapidly Alienating  
the Priests who Stood in Awe of  
His Office—Father Curran not yet  
Convinced of Any Error in His Politi-  
cal Ways—Brave Words from Rev.  
Sylvester Malone—"The Priests Think the  
Archbishop's Conduct is Outrageous"—  
Catholic Priests are American Citizens—  
Another Overflowing Meeting of St.  
Stephen's Parishioners.

Those of the Catholic clergy under Archbishop Corrigan's jurisdiction who have exhibited their courage and independent character and devotion to American citizenship by attending the reverend doctor's lecture at the Academy of Music have been either admonished of what is termed their contumacy or subjected to a more severe form of punishment. There has also been a threat of a further exhibition of ecclesiastical authority in St. Stephen's parish, which, however, has only had the effect of intensifying the feeling of opposition there to the archbishop, and increasing the number of Dr. McGlynn's friends. It was not to be expected that any punishment that the archbishop could inflict would convert to his views the priests who testified to their sympathy with Dr. McGlynn by their presence at his lecture. Not only do all of them still hold the same opinions that they did before being made to feel the weight of the archbishop's hand, but it may be said without much risk of exaggeration that the priests of the city almost as a body have been ranged on the side of Dr. McGlynn through the persistence of their prelate in his determination to smother the rising flame of discontent by the high-handed exercise of ecclesiastical police powers. In interviews with reporters for the press, and in conversation with members of their congregation, a large number of priests have shown that they are reflecting on the possibilities that they may be called on to face should they ever feel it their duty to differ in political opinions with a narrow-minded superior in the church, and the reflection seems to be not a comfortable one. The uneasiness thus caused among the priesthood disinculcates them to exert their authority to subdue the serious agitation prevailing during the past week in the local Catholic world. The course that the archbishop has laid down for himself, and the effect it has upon the Catholic laity and his subordinates in the church, can be readily seen by reviewing the experience of Dr. Curran for the week.

On the day after Dr. McGlynn's lecture at the Academy of Music, Rev. Dr. James Curran returned to Ellenville, Ulster county, the village to which he had been sent by the archbishop's orders when the latter discovered that Dr. Curran had not been sufficiently disciplined by being transferred from St. Stephen's to St. Patrick's parish. At Ellenville the doctor was performing temporarily the duties of pastor, the priest regularly in charge of the parish being absent. Ellenville, Liberty and Wurtsboro are all attended by one priest, mass being celebrated in the three places on successive Sundays. The congregations are small and the importance of the work to be done is not to be compared with that engaged in by Dr. Curran in assisting in the administration of St. Stephen's. The intention of the archbishop in sending Dr. Curran to a rural parish was no doubt to humiliate him. It seems, however, that honors, instead of disgrace, awaited the doctor, for arrangements had been made by the Knights of Labor of Ellenville and the vicinity to attend in a body the doctor's services at the stations of the cross on last Friday evening. There were indications, also, that other public demonstrations of the good will of the people would follow. But the archbishop's action of Thursday put an end to the proposed visit of the knights, or postponed it, at least, for a time. Dr. Curran, on receiving on that day the fatherly instruction of the archbishop to go into spiritual retreat at the monastery of the Passionist Fathers at West Hoboken, immediately repaired to this city, and early on Friday evening the doors of that religious house closed upon him. Since that time he has not been outside its walls.

The doctor has not suffered, however, for company or sympathy. He seems not to have been considered a culprit in the eyes of the good monks, the father provincial having invited him to celebrate the community mass soon after his arrival. On Sunday morning the street car lines running to the monastery from the Hoboken ferry carried crowds of visitors to the reverend prisoner. At the monastery there are two reception rooms, one on each side of the entrance to the building. Dr. Curran, after repairing to one of these rooms to meet the first of his friends to arrive, was kept in one or other of them receiving visitors almost the entire day. He would barely have time to greet one room full of people and say a few words to them, when he would be called to see a host of visitors in the other room. The first would then be vacated, to be quickly filled with another crowd. Many of the visitors brought flowers. Among those who called were a party from Ellenville. Some of the visitors had believed exaggerated stories of the doctor's punishment. "Oh, father," said one sympathetic woman, "do they make you sleep on a cold stone for a bed? I heard that you had two rough stones for pillows, too, and that they whipped you with a strap over the back every night before you went to bed." But the doctor declared that he slept very well on a good bed and was subjected to no physical discipline. "Let me look at your hands," said a doubting woman, who expected to see the marks of a whip on them.

The doctor's friends have continued to call on him during the week. They did not find a very contrite man. They saw one whose cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits were not at all to be disturbed. In speaking of the archbishop the doctor uniformly exhibited a proper reverence for his superior's authority in those respects in which the prelate is his superior, but in regard to what he may do in exercising the rights of a citizen it is plain that he acknowledges no higher authority than his own will and conscience. Indeed, he looks upon the archbishop's attitude on the question as absurd and ridiculous, and refers to it, if at all, in a humorous vein. He has no thought of looking upon the archbishop as one wittingly the thunders of a Jove or of seriously regarding himself as a martyr. He is a secular priest. His obligations to his archbishop are well defined. He is under no vows of domestic discipline. He has confidence that his will be the winning side in the end. Moreover, he feels that his congregation, the great majority of the Catholics of New York, and the mass of his Protestant and Catholic fellow citizens throughout the country, are in sympathy with him. While the doctor will

not view his persecutions in a dolorous way, it is evident that accompanying his good humor and serenity there is a firm will and an intelligence that make him the philosopher and man that he is, and impart to him a supreme confidence that he and his fellow rebels of the priesthood will achieve the success at which they aim.

### WHAT THE PRIESTS SAY.

Changing Under the Archbishop's Tyranny and Looking to Rome for Relief.

Although there has been no public demonstration of the clerical opposition to the archbishop, it is by no means difficult to cite facts tending to show what the majority of the priests of the archdiocese think of him. A priest of the church was speaking of the archbishop's course last week with the bishop of a diocese in a neighboring state. The bishop said: "I never thought that Bishop Corrigan was so simple." "Why so simple?" asked the priest. "I did not think he would go so far. Well, some people seem to lose all common sense when they get any authority." Another priest was traveling last week in a railway train and found that the treatment of Dr. Curran was an absorbing topic with the passengers. One of them said to him: "Do you know that that Dr. Curran is worth a hundred thousand dollars to your cause? He is, and the reason of it is because he never gets angry." The reporters are spoken to freely by the priests, but they have not yet accustomed themselves to publicity save in connection with their pastoral duties, and usually request that their names be withheld from print. The *Morning Journal* of last Saturday stated that a reporter of that paper had found men in St. Stephen's parish who had not taken any part whatever in the controversy up to that time who characterized the last move of the archbishop in the strongest of adverse terms. "Many of the Catholic clergy in the adjoining parishes did not scruple to say that the archbishop's action afforded ample cause and excuse for a revolt on the part of his priests. One of these gentlemen even hinted to the reporter that a petition protesting against what they considered arbitrary conduct and demanding the removal of the archbishop from the diocese will be prepared for the signature of the clergy and forwarded to Rome." The *Star* of Saturday reported a Catholic clergyman as saying: "The time has come when Catholics throughout the country should take the matter in hand and refuse to tolerate such arbitrary conduct, and further let me say that it is the duty of the priests of New York, if they love their church, to come forward now and take a stand one way or the other. For my part, I consider the archbishop's usefulness is past and the sooner he retires into private life the better."

The *Herold* of Tuesday in a news article said: "Strange to say, Catholic laymen, whose names are more or less well known to the public, while speaking freely on the subject, have wined at the thought of having their names published in connection with the interview. A Jesuit priest to whom the circumstance was mentioned said that the gentlemen had not the courage of their convictions, and regretted that they did not show the same independence of character as their Protestant fellow citizens. If they had, he added, the Catholic church would be more respected in this country than it is." In the same article an interview with Rev. Sylvester Malone was published and the statement made that a number of priests spoke in a strain similar to that of Dr. Malone, but only on condition that their names should not be published. On the day following the same paper contained the following: "The article in yesterday's *Herold* seems to have given great satisfaction to numbers of the Catholic clergy. Said one of them to the reporter: 'It is hard to condemn us for not expressing our opinions over our own names. But let the public take into consideration that we are poor and powerless, and outside the press have no help, no one to plead our cause. No curate in this city gets more than \$800 a year, and only that after three years' service. No rector has more than \$900 a year. We have to live and cannot afford to antagonize our superior. The priests the *Herold* interviewed yesterday voiced the sentiments of the majority.'"

The collections at St. Stephen's church on Palm Sunday have always been large, the money being appropriated to the liquidation of the church debt or to some other specified purpose. On last Sunday the usual efforts were made to raise a good collection, but the total sum taken up was less than four dollars. In the galleries, where several priests personally carried the baskets, only four cents were collected. The congregation usually contributed about \$3,500 on this day when Dr. McGlynn had charge.

The story that Archbishop Corrigan hastened to St. Patrick's church on last Friday evening in order to rescind his order directing Dr. Curran to go to the monastery, and that, not finding the doctor there, "his grace trotted off to one or two other places" to find him, is certainly true in so far as the fact that the archbishop made a hasty call at St. Patrick's on the evening in question. The dignity of the archbishop continues to suffer through his pedagogic methods.

A "down town Catholic clergyman" has been quoted in the *Herold* as saying that a party of Catholic priests opposed Father Tom Burke in 1873 because he was an Irishman and a foreigner. One of the priests mentioned in the article says that the statements are untrue.

### THE WISDOM OF A SAGE.

Words of Truth Falling Like Pearls From the Lips of Venerable Sylvester Malone.

Rev. Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn occupied a front seat in one of the proscenium boxes during the lecture of Dr. McGlynn at the Academy of Music, and applauded lustily the most radical utterances of that fearless speaker. So far from being daunted by the persecution of Father Curran and the reproach of the other priests within the jurisdiction of the archbishop of New York, he is hotly defiant, and brands such actions as unjust and tyrannical.

Father Malone is one of the patriarchs of the Catholic priesthood in Brooklyn, and no priest is more respected for independence and courage in delivering his opinion upon matters, civil or ecclesiastical, where it does not conflict with the doctrines of the church. He is, and has been for more than thirty years, pastor of St. Peter and St. Paul's church in Brooklyn, E. D., and has, since the days when Williamsburg was a separate town, been a leader of public opinion in that locality. The reverend father talked freely to a STANDARD representative relative to the policy pursued by the archbishop of New York in dragging politics into religion, and said, substantially, what follows:

"Archbishop Corrigan has no right whatever to interfere with Dr. McGlynn in the exercise of his political opinions, freedom to express which his American citizenship entitled him, and it appears to me that there are enough Catholics in the United States to sustain Father McGlynn. This they can do without compromising themselves as Catholics. As for sentencing Father Curran to ten days' discipline by the Passionist monastery, the people have expressed their just contempt of such ecclesiastical rule by stigmatizing the institution by naming it 'the bastille'—a strange name, indeed."

"What do the priests think? They say that such conduct is outrageous. Why, a young priest came to me and deplored the fact that

fifty priests had not sat upon that platform when Father McGlynn was stating those great principles. They feel highly indignant and talk very forcibly among themselves; and this feeling is not only held by the priests but also by the laymen. I am receiving many marks of approval for my public expressions of dissent from the actions of Archbishop Corrigan. A priest said to me yesterday, 'Father Malone, your denunciation was like a bombshell in the enemies' camp.'"

"You may say that I tread this policy pursued in New York the more, as I have grave apprehensions of the return of know-nothingism. In 1854, while a mob here was twisting the cross off the iron fence before my church I was in Rome, and in a conversation with Mr. Frederick Lucas, editor of the *London Tablet*, I said that this know-nothingism which was sweeping the country was a great political movement which Catholic institutions would survive. I knew public temper, because I went personally among the people and learned their views and opinions. And I now recognize a great political and social movement in the rise of the Knights of Labor, in the growth of the labor party, and in the widespread, intelligent and temperate discussion of the first principles of law and order. By narrow and ignorant opposition to this vast movement much injury can be done the church, and I may say that Monsignor Preston has already done us more injury than he could have done had he remained a Protestant. I fear the return of know-nothingism, and the priests here do not petition Rome to change this policy they will discover that every day alienates Catholics from the church."

"But," he continued, "great movements must go on in spite of individuals. There were always extreme men; even Wendell Phillips proclaimed the constitution in league with hell. There are always weak-kneed men who drag back. But what is such opposition to a great, honest movement of the masses of the people? Great changes are sure to come."

"What is now required," continued the reverend father, "is to break down prejudice, and those who are in sympathy with the conflict for the freeing of the negroes will, when they come to understand it, give their hearty sympathy to this cause, which has for its aim the lifting up of the poor and humble class and the elevation of American citizenship. I urge this among my people and especially on the rich, who have peculiar advantages, and I urge them, as a duty to themselves and to their country, to study these matters. I believe all that Dr. McGlynn uttered in his centennial address is as it should be founded on truth, and I look upon Henry George as translating into political economy and civil government the doctrines always inculcated by my church; and I hold that the rich man is a steward under almighty God, and that he will have to render an account of his stewardship, that is, the use he has made of the natural opportunities that God put in his hands. I see a very rapid progression in popular ideas everywhere, and look for a great change very soon. For instance, in talking the other day with a distinguished citizen of Brooklyn, he said to me: 'I believe God made the whole world for all of his children; and I told him that that was the primary principle of our belief, and that he would soon be a good George man. He takes the STANDARD and is giving attention to the subject. I am not astonished at this, as he is a young man of means who has always used his advantages to benefit his less fortunate fellows, and it is natural that he should be attached to these great reforms.'"

Father Malone said there were many men like the gentleman who were thinking, and they would soon come to see that until capital and labor understood and accepted the policy of Henry George, Dr. McGlynn and other priests would continue to suffer. As for his own affliction with the "new crusade" he said: "If I gave so much energy of years ago for the liberation of the negro from slavery, should I not now do the same for my own people? Should I not strive in the land of my adoption, to which my sympathies go out in love, for the removal of all those evils which subject the masses to misery? This, he said, he would do, and he would encourage others to do. "If before or at the beginning of the war, when I stood all but alone for abolition, I had been interfered with or knocked down," said he, "the cause with which so many now sympathize would have suffered to the extent of my influence; and so now, to oppose those who lead in this movement of the masses will be to deter a cause which will, when it is understood, call for widespread approval."

### ANGRY PARISHIONERS OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

Renewing Their Pledges to the Suspended Priest—Dr. Curran's Case.

FRIDAY EVENING, March 31.—By half-past 7 o'clock International hall, Twenty-seventh street and Third avenue, was packed with the parishioners of St. Stephen's who sympathize with Dr. McGlynn. Although the weekly meetings of the rebellious parishioners have been very largely attended, on this occasion the news that Dr. Curran had, for the third time, been subjected to punishment because of his affection for Dr. McGlynn, brought out hundreds who had not heretofore attended the meetings, and until after 9 o'clock those men and women who were unable to get into the hall stood out in the street and expressed their opinion of the archbishop's tyranny in language always forcible and sometimes hardly polite. Monsignor Tammany Servitor Preston was not forgotten, and will probably get second place when the indignant Catholic women and men of this city settle matters with the bishop.

In the hall, after Mr. Feeney had wedged his way through the crowds and landed on his hands and feet on the platform, and when he had called the meeting to order, it was soon seen that the temper of the audience was a reflex of that of the people outside. Every reference to the suspended priest was greeted with tempests of applause, and the audience rose, as it were, in a blaze of indignation when told that the story that the Murray Hill archbishop had sent Dr. Curran in the Hoboken monastery was true. One of the speakers called attention to these coincidences: When Father McGlynn was suspended and Dr. Curran refused to take his place, he was "promoted" to St. Patrick's; for standing beside Dr. McGlynn at Jones' woods and giving reference to the suspended priest was great, and he was "promoted" to Ellenville. He is present on the occasion of Dr. McGlynn's lecture at the Academy of Music he was "sentenced" to ten days' prayer on bread and water at Hoboken. The comments of the audience on the archbishop punishing Dr. Curran by "sentencing him to prayer" during the last ten days of Lent were amusing, as it had always been supposed that that period was one of voluntary prayer and meditation.

"But," as was remarked by a woman standing near the writer, "perhaps the little sent (meaning Corrigan) didn't know that." In answer to a question as to the right of the bishop to send Dr. Curran into retreat, Mr. Feeney said that in countries where the canonical laws prevailed an archbishop had no such authority; but the United States was a missionary country, classed in Rome with the South Sea islands, and its inhabitants regarded as savages or cannibals, and therefore not competent to manage their own affairs. The United States (comprising perhaps fifteen or twenty million Catholics) was a missionary country, classed in Rome with the South Sea islands, and its inhabitants regarded as savages or cannibals, and therefore not competent to manage their own affairs. The United States (comprising perhaps fifteen or twenty million Catholics) was a missionary country, classed in Rome with the South Sea islands, and its inhabitants regarded as savages or cannibals, and therefore not competent to manage their own affairs. The United States (comprising perhaps fifteen or twenty million Catholics) was a missionary country, classed in Rome with the South Sea islands, and its inhabitants regarded as savages or cannibals, and therefore not competent to manage their own affairs.

country of savages draws its most degraded servile laborers.

Dr. Carey, treasurer of the parishioners, made a neat speech—which had the virtue of being short and to the point—which was interesting to his listeners. He told them "two secrets." One was that the bishop had sent out a letter calling on the various parishes on Easter Sunday. The doctor hoped that all Catholics would button up their pockets on that occasion. The second secret was that the bishop's kitchen cabinet had discussed the advisability of inviting Dr. McGlynn to appear before them to talk over his case, but that "My Lord" of St. Ann's and Tammany hall had roared off his dissent, saying that if the priest of the people were permitted to appear before them he "would talk them all down." Dr. Carey then divulged another secret or two, one of which was that the archbishop was much "displeased" on the part of St. Stephen's parishioners, and had covertly hinted that he might go to the extreme of "excommunicating" them. This raised a roar of sardonic laughter, and a number of angry women threatened dire things if he should take such a step.

The impression prevailed among the audience that the archbishop had gone about as far as decent Catholics should let him go; some were of the opinion that he had gone farther, and if Rome were not heard from within a few days after Easter they would give the archbishop all the fight he wanted.

The probabilities are that after Easter the St. Stephen's parishioners will carry their fight against the hierarchy to all the parishes of the city. The women, especially, are up in arms, and act as if they mean to carry this fight even to the gates of the Vatican.

Messrs. Bealin and Gahan delivered the addresses. It was decided to not hold a meeting on Good Friday. The next meeting will be called by the chair.

### IN THE 17TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

A Mass Meeting Held to Protest Against the Archbishop's Tyranny.

On Tuesday evening a meeting of citizens of the Seventeenth assembly district was held in Wendell's assembly rooms in West Forty-fourth street, near Ninth avenue. Mr. James A. Magee opened the meeting and introduced the speakers, who were Rev. Charles P. McCarthy, John J. Bealin, Dr. Daniel DeLeon of Columbia College, Mr. John McEakin and Louis F. Post. The case of Dr. McGlynn was reviewed by the speakers from various standpoints, and the audience indicated by its applause a familiarity with the case in all its bearings and an appreciation of its significance to liberty loving American citizens. Points in the speeches which elicited the greatest applause were as follows: By Mr. McCarthy—"Monsignor Preston is really the mischief maker in this whole matter." By Mr. Bealin—"If the archbishop continues to oppress the champions of the people among the priesthood, the Catholics of the city will unite and place a perpetual boycott on the collection box." "A bill of indictment should be issued by the grand jury against the archbishop for his interference with the rights of American citizens." By Dr. DeLeon—"Dr. McGlynn is not a disturber of the public peace. He is a man who seeks to soothe the agitated minds of the oppressed by proclaiming the universal brotherhood of man." By Mr. McEakin—"It is said that religion and politics should not mix. Why, then, did the archbishop cause Rev. Mr. Donnelly to resign his parish? He was a disturber of the peace, and I would like to see a document fresh from the pen of the Tammany politician, Frederic R. Couderc, and why the influence of John J. O'Donoghue at the archiepiscopal palace? Democratic politicians in this community have an influence in the church through the members of their families that are in the priesthood. The prominence of the Corrigan family in Newark is based on wealth largely accumulated through liquor dens in Newark, and the Donnelly family drew money from a like source in Beaver Lake, New York. Rev. Mr. Donnelly's brother was treasurer of Tammany hall for years. Class rules the machinery of the church in many instances in this city."

### VIEW OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

The Talk About Dr. McGlynn Being Outside the Pale of the Church All Nonsense—At Least a Hundred Priests Believed to Indorse His Stand—His Suspension Assailed by All.

There has been a marked revival of public interest in the Knights of Labor and the case of Dr. McGlynn during the last week. The advanced position taken by Cardinal Gibbons at Rome in regard to the order, the vigorous indorsement of his views by Cardinal Manning and the appearance of Dr. McGlynn at the Academy of Music in the role of a public lecturer in his own behalf and that of laboring men generally, are the three most conspicuous incidents that have drawn general attention again toward these interesting and peculiar matters.

The case of the suspended pastor of St. Stephen's church and that of the Knights of Labor are associated in the minds of most people, and not without some degree of reason, since it is almost certain that if this organization is approved or blessed by the pope Dr. McGlynn will hardly be condemned. On the other hand, should the party represented by Cardinal Taschereau prevail at the Vatican, it is hardly possible to suppose that such an ecclesiastical champion of the knights as the doctor has been, and still is will come off victorious. Besides this, it is now pretty well understood that the same prelates, or many of them at least, who are pleading for the knights are also advocating the doctor's cause before the holy see. In other words, both subjects are practically involved in the great labor question upon which the Roman Catholic church is expected to define its position clearly, when once the matter has been fully investigated and passed upon by the council now deliberating in Rome.

"Cardinal Gibbons' plea for the knights expresses my views completely," said one of the best known priests of the city, who seldom consents to talk for publication, "and I think I may say, those of the great majority of the most intelligent Roman Catholics, both clerical and lay, of America. I have studied what he said carefully, and agree with him in every way in saying that there is nothing in them contradicting the safe and conservative spirit of the church. They are Catholic to the core and thoroughly American as well. There is not the slightest taint of demagoguery about them, and to attribute any unworthy motive to their distinguished author is simply contemptible. The fact is that Cardinal Gibbons has studied this great labor question as it has been studied by few American prelates. He appreciates that it is the great problem of the century, and that much of our future progress depends upon a wise solution of it. The church is capable of assisting in this solution, and I believe she will do so. I have no doubt that Cardinal Gibbons' views will be adopted, at least substantially, especially now that they have received such an emphatic indorsement from Cardinal Manning, who, as you notice, wants to become a knight himself. It is hardly necessary for me to have been one of the truest knights that labor has ever had."

"What about Dr. McGlynn? Will he be sent back to his parish?" "Certainly not," he replied. "The fact is that his suspension astonished us all. We look upon the labor question as we do the tariff and free trade, and we think that it may be discussed by any

priest and his conclusions concern no one above or below him in authority. The talk about Dr. McGlynn having put himself outside the pale of the church is all nonsense. Why, there was not the first anti-Catholic sentiment in his lecture the other night, so far as the reports of it show, and I have read them all. Strictly speaking, the doctor can secure his reinstatement any time. He has been dismissed without a trial, and any time he demands a trial he will have to be first reinstated. The case in a sense is in his own hands. Why does he not appeal to Rome? Because, I judge, he intends to let the other side act first in the matter. He is waiting to see what they do. Dr. McGlynn knows what he is about, I assure you, and when his case has received a full examination at Rome I am confident that he will be reinstated."

Similar views were expressed by others in sympathy with Dr. McGlynn, one of whom claimed that there were at least a hundred priests in this diocese who indorsed the stand taken by the doctor, but avoided expressing their views through fear of causing trouble to themselves and the church.

### DR. CURRAN NOT DEEPLY PENITENT.

He Talks With a "Sun" Reporter About His Case and Dr. McGlynn's.

The Rev. Dr. James Curran, formerly the assistant of Dr. McGlynn at St. Stephen's, is not repenting very vigorously in the monastery of the Passionist Fathers at Hoboken, to which he has been sent for ten days because he appeared on the platform at the McGlynn meeting in the Academy of Music last Tuesday evening. There is a popular notion that connects penance in a monastery with fasting, seclusion and silence, and even occasional resort to a leather scourge. No doubt a penitent might adopt all these things if he wanted to, but Dr. Curran does not consider himself a penitent, and he came down into the little reception room at the monastery looking as hale and pleasant as ever, and talked for an hour with a reporter of the *Sun*.

"I am not doing penance," he said, "for I do not consider that I have done wrong. This retreat means nothing more than a voluntary retreat. My time is my own. I shall use it for study and reading and religious exercises. I said mass this morning in one of the little chapels, and I am sure there is nothing in this little stay here the least bit disagreeable. It is a punishment, certainly. I am sent here to give me a chance to reflect on my conduct, and I have always tried to be a good priest and to do my duty. I willingly obeyed the order to come here, but it is a question whether the archbishop can be justified in ordering me here. The question is one that has a broader application in the case of Dr. McGlynn, and how it will be settled I don't know."

"Do you expect to see Dr. McGlynn reinstated?"

"I hope to. Dr. McGlynn would have gone to Rome the moment his health permitted if he could have gone as a reinstated priest. There is where the trouble is."

"Will he go at all?"

"It is reasonably certain that he will not go until he is once more a priest in statu quo."

Dr. Curran then returned to his own case, and told the story of the discipline he had incurred at the hands of the archbishop. He said that his removal from St. Stephen's, where he had labored for twelve years, was due to his friendship for Dr. McGlynn.

"I was sent to St. Patrick's, in Mulberry street," he continued, "and I was hungry there and tried to do my duty. Father Kearney and all the clergy there were, I thought, very kind to me. One evening, it was March 25, Father Kearney met me in the hall, and said the archbishop wanted to see me. 'Very well,' I said, and I told him I would go to see the archbishop's house that evening, and I did. The archbishop came down and greeted me pleasantly, and surprised me by saying that he heard I did not get along well with Father Kearney. 'That is a revelation to me,' I replied. He said, 'You are aware that the house is too much to attend to your duties, and I thought the archbishop. That is a lie! I said, just as much emphasis as I say it now. Father Kearney had never said a word to me about his dissatisfaction. I could think of only one thing that would justify Father Kearney in his assertion. He has a rule which I think is not in use in other churches, that the outside doors shall be fastened at 10:30 every night. He has an immense key which locks the door, then a great bolt is pushed, and to cap it all, a great chain is drawn across and hooked. When I was in the night, I heard that bolt and chain grate and rattle I felt as if I were in the Tomb. I admitted that I had subjected myself to the accusation of being out after the doors were locked, but I am a secular priest, not a monk, and am considerably over twenty-one years of age, and know of no rule that would require me to be in every night at 10:30."

"Well, the archbishop thought that so long as they were the rules I should have obeyed them. The archbishop said it would not be pleasant for me to go back to St. Patrick's anyway. He also referred to my appearing at Jones' woods on St. Patrick's day. He told me to go up to Ellenville for a while, and I suppose it was a sort of punishment to be sent up to the country, but I had a very pleasant time. The archbishop said I need not go until the next week unless I wanted to, but I found out that there would be no one there to say mass Sunday, and I started the next day, Saturday. I missed the Ellenville train, and there was no train to take me there that night. I was determined to get there, and went to Kingston and got a team and a driver to drive thirty-two miles to Ellenville. We started at midnight; the roads were very bad, and we reached the church at 6 o'clock that morning. I said mass at 11 o'clock."

"Last Thursday I received a letter from the archbishop ordering me into retreat for going to New York on Tuesday night to the Academy of Music meeting. He implied that I had neglected my duties in going there. I came and here I am."

"Where will you go when you leave this place?"

"I don't know. I have not yet been removed from St. Patrick's. My effects are there. But it is doubtful if I am returned to that church."

"The archbishop is quoted as saying that if you persist in your conduct severe measures will be used."

"Well, I have a conscience, and I must do what I think to be right. I will obey my superiors at all times if I can. I cannot yet see the error of my ways."

### OPINIONS CANNOT BE IMPRISONED.

Dr. Curran Thinks Rome Will Settle the Question.

The *Star* of Monday contained the report of an interview with Dr. Curran, of which the following is an extract: "Archbishops and bishops," said Dr. Curran, "have a certain amount of authority over priests, and have a perfect right to order them wherever they choose, and have also the right to exercise the powers in the matter of discipline conferred upon them, provided the offending priest has committed some offense. So far as my case is concerned, I have committed no offense, and do not think I deserve punishment."

"But," continued the reverend gentleman, "while the archbishop has that power, and I am compelled and am perfectly willing to obey him, he has no power to change my opinions, nor can he do so. I am of the same mind now as ever."

another lecture," asked the reporter, "would you attend it?"

"Most decidedly, if there was nothing in the lecture against the teaching of the Catholic church, and any one who knows of the Catholic church could not believe anything of the kind could be said. Where my conscience believes a doctrine is right and for the benefit of religion, no bishop could deter me from advocating it. 'A bishop,' the doctor added, "may order a priest to do certain things and order certain punishments, which the priest may consider unjustifiable, and ought not to be obeyed, but the priest will obey through a religious motive, or to serve some good purpose. This retreat of mine, for instance, is no punishment; I was invited here, and I came because I believe a retreat is good at any time."

"How do you regard the threat of the archbishop that the parishioners of St. Stephen's church are liable to excommunication for their hostile attitude toward the present pastor?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I could not pronounce a definite opinion unless I had the order of the pope before me, but from what I can understand I do not think it applies to them and was only intended for kings, princes and potentates who confiscate church property and expel monks and priests, as in France. But these people at St. Stephen's are only showing the love they bear to their pastor and do not look upon it in the light of an offense against the church."

"Have your opinions changed in any way toward Dr. McGlynn?"

"Not in the least," replied the young clergyman. "Dr. McGlynn has committed no fault, nor has he even disobeyed the archbishop, as he was too ill to go to Rome in the first instance and was not asked again except in the character of a suspended priest."

"What hopes do you entertain of his reinstatement?"

"I had hopes that the archbishop would settle the matter, but his action in sending me here does not look as if he would. There are other ways, however, in which the matter can be arranged, and I firmly believe that the authorities in Rome will speedily settle the question."

Besides the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Dr. Curran was visited by several members of the church at Ellenville, where he made many friends during his brief pastorate. Several ladies from St. Patrick's church also called, and it looked as if there was a gala time at the monastery. Every horse car was crowded and deposited its load at the entrance to the monastery.

Dr. Curran has made many friends among the clergy and the laity of the monastery, and as a special mark of recognition was requested by the provincial to celebrate mass and administer the sacrament to the novices at half-past 6 o'clock yesterday morning.

### Another Interview with Father Malone.

Brooklyn Eagle, Sunday.

To the reporter's question if he had been "warned," Father Malone replied:

"Oh, that is nonsense." Then, after a pause, in which his face showed agitation, he exclaimed, "Are we in Russia? Can't a man attend a meeting without being seized and disciplined? If this were the first day of April instead of the second, I would say this whole affair was an 'April fool.' I have never agreed with Archbishop Corrigan's methods, but I cannot understand him now. His behavior is tyrannical, inhuman and totally without reason or excuse. What has young Father Curran done that he should be put on a diet of bread and water? Father Curran has been a priest for eleven years. He has seen him for hours at his private devotions, and knew many of the secrets of his godly life. Why should he forsake him now? If I found a poor friend in the gutter and did not help him, would I be acting like a Christian? And now this young man, for simply attending this lecture by his old friend and collaborator in God's work, is 'disciplined.' It is a crime! Father Curran came from my parish. I baptized him, and know that he is an intelligent, honest priest of the church in Father Malone's eyes. For a moment, and then spoke of his faith in the future of the George movement. In his opinion Henry George's theories of land tenure were destined to find a complete acceptance among the intelligent people of the country. He regretted that he had not time to study the question more thoroughly and take a more active part in the movement. 'If I were twenty-five years younger,' he added, "I would go into it with my whole heart." He then returned to the subject of the disciplining of the young priest of St. Stephen's."

"It is the worst case of a madman," said "Archbishop Corrigan is so excited that he is no longer to be reasoned with. Nothing but the power at Rome can touch him. There are a hundred thousand Catholics in New York who hate the little archbishop. His usefulness is practically gone. The very idea of his attacking Dr. McGlynn's position in 1882 in lending his voice to aid the famishing people of Ireland! In this whole matter the archbishop has been wrong as wrong can be. I think it will end in his removal. The priests ought to have courage to take sides on this question and to make Rome their opinions for or against the archbishop's position. But they lack independence."

"Do you think Dr. McGlynn should go to Rome?"

"Why, no; why should he? He is not accused of any fault as a priest. He is not accountable to Rome for his opinions on political economy. He believes in a tax on land, but what reason is there in that to subject him to a call to Rome. Dr. McGlynn has been faithful to his church, to his God and to his country. He will, if need be, suffer unto death.



against him, but it was not until he pleaded the cause of Ireland that he was censured by the propaganda. The reason for this censure is plain. It was in 1882 that the English agent, Errington, was in Rome and exercised great influence over the Roman authorities. His aim was to secure the interference of the propaganda in Irish affairs, so as to restrict the right of priests to aid the nationalists in Ireland or their sympathizers in America. He had almost, if not quite, won over the propaganda to his views when the pope, as in the present case, took the matter into his own hands, and instead of placing an ultra-English bishop at Dublin, appointed to that see, in the person of Dr. Walsh, a man who was in hearty and patriotic sympathy with Ireland in her struggles for home rule. This action of the pope virtually ostracized Errington in Rome, and as virtually exonerated Dr. McGlynn from the censures which no doubt the influence of Errington had inspired. Now in Archbishop Corrigan's statement there is no attempt to conceal the fact that he strongly sympathized with the views urged at Rome by Errington. At heart he was over the Irish home rule wing, and in the defeat of the English intriguer's plans he was himself defeated. It was not unnatural, therefore, that he should bid his time for a better opportunity to silence Dr. McGlynn. That occasion came in the recent effort to elect Henry George mayor of New York. Dr. McGlynn not only espoused Mr. George's candidacy, but endorsed his peculiar views on the ownership of land. This was the archbishop's opportunity. He ordered the priest to keep silence.

It is not my purpose to discuss the truth or falsity of Mr. George's theories. "But the question is not has Dr. McGlynn spoken well and wisely, but had he the right to speak at all? Does the fact that he is a priest of the Roman Catholic church deprive him of the fundamental rights of an American citizen, namely, the right freely to express his opinion on political matters, and to use his influence to secure the election to office of men whom he regards best fitted to rule? Must an American citizen because he is a clergyman answer for his political conduct to an ecclesiastical authority in a foreign land, thousands of miles away? That is the question, and, as can be readily seen, it is a very important and far-reaching one, affecting not a single priest, but 10,000 priests, and thus materially influencing the destinies of the nation.

The status of priests as American citizens must be defined. Let it be once authoritatively announced from Rome that the political action of Catholics in America is not free, but controlled by propaganda or pope, and the doom of the Catholic church as a missionary body in the United States is sealed. Thousands of patriotic citizens would leave its ranks at once. Cardinal Gibbons is fully aware of all these elements in the problem, and in the present crisis he will demand for the clergyman of the United States freedom in political thought and action, and he will urge this just demand in as unequivocal terms as did Archbishop Crooke and Bishop Nulty of Ireland, who, in plain words, "told the Roman authorities that the course to which they were prompted by the English government and the castle Catholics would inevitably lead in Ireland to just such a revolt of the masses from the church as had already occurred on the continent."

"And the Roman authorities, we may be very sure, will heed Cardinal Gibbons."

"It is certain, as we believe, that whatever decision the people may arrive at concerning Mr. George's theories, some way will be found of restoring to Dr. McGlynn his priestly functions and thus emphasizing the point that the Catholic church is not inimical to American institutions and ideas, and, though claiming absolute obedience in matters of faith and discipline, guarantees to the individual his inalienable rights in a republic. And if such a verdict be given, Dr. McGlynn's refusal to go to Rome to answer for his political conduct as an American citizen will work one of the grandest epochs in the nation's history. His name might then well be linked with those noble, great, God-fearing men who helped to found and have perpetuated religious liberty on this western continent."

#### Sir Oracle on Dr. McGlynn.

New York Real Estate Record.

On Looker—What is your general judgment of the whole McGlynn matter?

Sir Oracle—That the Catholic church will make concession to the McGlynn sympathizers and may reinstate him, although he confessedly holds views on the land question which are not in accord with those maintained by the Catholic church in its past history. Old Mother Church is supposed to be very rigid in its doctrines and discipline, yet really that great organization in all ages has been forced to tolerate differences of opinion within its own fold. Every order within the church was a departure from the general custom which had to be tolerated. It was an eminent Roman Catholic who uttered that noble sentiment: "In things essential, unity; in non-essential, liberty; in all things, charity." Hence I am inclined to believe that the final victory will lie with Priest McGlynn and not with Archbishop Corrigan, and I also judge that the Catholic church of America has taken a new departure; that hereafter the priests will have more liberty and the prelates less authority. But, of course, it does not follow that the church as an organization will ever countenance Henry George's theories about land, which seem to have bewitched Father McGlynn.

#### A Tribute to Dr. McGlynn.

LIME CREEK, Mo., March 28.—I wish to say that I for one, although not a Catholic, or, indeed, a professor of any particular religious faith, am an appreciator and defender of that particular theory for promulgating which that great and good man, Dr. McGlynn, has been subjected to such unjust treatment. If this nation has reason to be thankful for anything, in my humble opinion, it is for the gift of "Progress and Poverty" and such pure and earnest advocates of the doctrines therein elucidated as Dr. McGlynn.

#### The Priest of the New Crusade.

NEW YORK, April 5.—I notice in your editorial on Dr. McGlynn in your issue of the 3d inst., a *tapuscus scribens* as to the number of years he has been in the ministry. You say seventeen instead of twenty-seven. My admiration of the man prompts me to this correction. All honor to the champion priest who has dared to unfurl the banner of a new crusade, and who has spoken so openly on behalf of the poor he loves so well. Long may he live among us, and I hope the day will not be long distant in which he will arise from this crucible a yet more perfect light, a yet more shining ornament to that church which can ill afford to lose such men. DOR.

#### The Crusaders.

EAST ORANGE, April 5.—The recent magnificent effort of Father McGlynn is attracting wide-spread attention, and should by all means be printed in cheap pamphlet form. Who will be the first in starting the new order—"The Crusaders"? The men who accept the name, daring and enthusiasm of that ancient and noble order will become a great power for the furtherance of justice. E. C. ALPHONSE.

#### A Dr. McGlynn Meeting.

A mass meeting of citizens of the Eastern district of Brooklyn to sympathize with Rev. Dr. McGlynn will be held next Thursday evening, April 14, in Grand Army hall, of that city, on Bedford avenue, corner of

North Second street. A number of prominent speakers will address the meeting and ladies will be invited.

#### The True Doctrine.

NEW YORK, April 6.—In spite of ecclesiastical opposition the George doctrine will succeed. All hail to the great and noble Dr. McGlynn. J. ROCHE.

#### From a Real Estate Organ.

Brooklyn Review and Record.

Dr. McGlynn is one of the most pleasing orators of the present time, thoroughly devoted and in earnest, and convinced that he has found a remedy for the evils of property, and misery and wretchedness, in the abolition of the private ownership of land. He has raised the cross of a new crusade, and his eloquence and his subtle arguments will bring him many followers.

#### COMMON SENSE IN CANADA.

Land Rent Can Be Appropriated Without Any Infringement of the Constitution. Hamilton, Ont., Evening Times.

The Toronto Mail says: "In the first place, the maintenance of the Upper Canada college costs the province nothing. Its endowment—originally something over 60,000 acres of land—was a part of the grant of lands made to the province by the crown in 1798 for educational purposes. Of this grant King's college received one-half and Upper Canada college one-eighth, the remaining three-eighths being applied toward the maintenance of the common schools. In all the legislation affecting the university and the college, the endowment of the latter has been recognized as being wholly separate from that of the former, and the province has never been asked to supplement it in any way. Upper Canada college, therefore, is not a source of expense to the province, and the latter has no moral and possibly no legal right to take its endowment away from it."

Here is a flat contradiction of the Jeffersonian doctrine that the land of a country belongs in usufruct to the living. Because "the crown," representing the people, in 1798 granted 60,000 acres of land for a specific purpose, the people who live in 1887 have no right to resume possession! Where was that doctrine concealed when the people of Canada, through their parliamentary representatives, took possession of the one-seventh of the lands of Upper Canada which had been granted for the support of the Protestant clergy? As a matter of fact, the people of any generation cannot give away in perpetuity the land which the people of another generation will require to use. The right of eminent domain remains. It is not the people who lived in Canada in 1798; it surely is not King George III who earns and pays the \$13,000 or so that is annually expended for the maintenance of Upper Canada college in addition to the sums received as fees from the students. The money comes out of the earnings of the present generation of Canadians, and the present inhabitants of the province have a right to withhold it if they think proper to do so. George III had no right to give away the earnings of any people yet unborn for any purpose.

If there are, among the staunch defenders of Upper Canada college, any graduates of that institution who agree with the Mail's statement that "the maintenance of the institution costs the province nothing," they must have studied history very superficially during their school days. Under the old feudal system the king portioned the land of the country among the nobility, and the nobles gave permission to the common people to live upon it, the latter paying rent in produce or in labor. When the king wanted to carry on a war, the nobles had to equip and maintain soldiers at their own expense. The king's ordinary revenues came from fees for wedding, marriage, etc. Thus the land rent went for the support of the public service. By gradual innovations, the public revenue came to be collected in other ways, until the main portion was derived from customs and excise duties, and the nobles were thus enabled to appropriate land rents (which came to be paid in money instead of produce or services) to their own use. The commons took the regulation of taxation into its own hands, and used it to compel concessions of the royal prerogative. The people made the legislature, and the people have never abandoned the right to appropriate land rent for public purposes. The Canadian house of commons will meet next month. It would be quite within the right of that body to take up the customs tariff and repeal every duty on the list, from "absinthe, 82 per imperial gallon," to "zucure, 20 per cent." The excise duties could be abolished in the same way, and all public revenues could be raised by direct taxation; that is, by appropriating land rent, without any infringement of the constitution. The provincial legislature, now in session, could so amend the municipal law that all taxes on goods, money, and houses should be repealed, and the land taken exclusively for municipal and provincial revenue. It is idle for the Mail to say that the province has no legal right to resume possession of an endowment which consists of land rent.

In 1670 Charles II. granted to Prince Rupert and fourteen others the land known as the Hudson bay territory. In 1869 the people of Canada paid \$300,000 to get seventeen-eighths of it back, and individual Canadians have been buying back portions of the remaining one-eighth ever since. Early in the present century, a large tract of land, comprising Huron and the adjacent counties in western Ontario, was granted to the Canada land company. The people of Canada have had to earn and pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to get that land back, and some of them are paying yet. In 1881 a large grant of land was made to the Canada Pacific company, and in 1886 no less than \$10,189,000 of the people's money was paid to the company to get 6,733,014 acres back. But in 1854 the parliament of Canada quietly resumed possession of the 3,400,000 acres set apart in 1791 for the endowment of rectories, by the simple expedient of an act of parliament, just as the Ontario legislature is at liberty to resume possession of the endowment of Upper Canada college at any moment, when, in the opinion of the people, it is expedient to apply that portion of the people's earnings to some other purpose. The people of Ontario, not the teachers or the students or the graduates of Upper Canada college, own Upper Canada college and all pertaining to it.

#### Public Agencies for Public Work.

Real Estate Record and Guide.

Private companies for doing public work having got into such discredit, and perhaps with reason, why should not the city have its own street cars and gas factories, just as it now supplies water with so much economy and success.

#### Flowers.

We, like the flowers, are Dependent on the earth, And, like the flowers, grow In plenty or in dearth.

In two worlds flowers live, One earthly, dark and cold, The other sunny, bright, Yet the flower loves the mold.

From thence it draws its power To spring into the air, To seek the sunshine's glory, And grasp the treasures there.

We, like the flowers, are Deprived of mother earth; The glories of the higher life Escape us from our birth.

#### C. H. BAILDON

Marboro, N. Y., March 22.

## BLACKMAIL RENT.

### HOW THE LANDLORD SHARES IN THE BUSINESS MAN'S PROSPERITY.

Lying in Wait Sanguily While the Tenant Toils for Success, the Landowner Appears When It Is Achieved and Reaps Its Fruits.

The rent paying part of the New York business community is by far its larger part. As a field for gleaming facts showing the avarice of landlords it is apparently inexhaustible. During the past week a writer for THE STANDARD has pursued a course of inquiry among business men in relation to rents and the tendencies of trade similar to that described in a late issue of the paper in the article on retail storekeepers. While facts in abundance are easily obtained, the statements cannot be substantiated by publishing the names and addresses of the persons giving them, simply because in the case of every interview the request was made that the name of the tenant spoken with should not be published.

The proprietor of a coffee and cake saloon doing business in a basement near the post-office paid, a few years ago, \$125 a month rent. His customers increased in number and his landlord put up his rent to \$140. He paid the additional \$15 a month as a penalty for his success; but when, a little while later, the rent went up to \$175 a month he moved away. Since that time the place has either been vacant or drawing less than half the rent he paid.

A single store room on the ground floor of one of the smallest and shabbiest buildings in Park row was rented a few years ago by a retail liquor dealer at \$3,000 a year. His landlord is an "old" who rents the whole building from the "new" and sublets it. On the 1st of May, 1887, the liquor dealer's rent was raised to \$4,700—an advance of \$1,700 at a stroke. He has a three years' lease, terminable, however, in the meantime at the landlord's option at sixty days' notice. This curious lease places him in the position of a monthly tenant. Some of the customers of this dealer discuss George's theories occasionally, and he is said to listen with deep interest to what they say about the "law" of rent.

A retail merchant doing business in the vicinity of Wall street said that, according to his experience, the average landlord did not build or buy a house, figure as to what would be a fair interest on the investment made, and adjust rents so as to get a return amounting to that interest in the aggregate. The only question with him was as to how much rent he could get, and that was answered by finding out how high a rent the tenant would stand. The principle in operation between the landlord and tenant in county Cork was the same as that in Wall street. The business man here, like the farmer in Ireland, often had to choose between paying a high rent or vacating the landlord's premises.

In Ireland, however, there was a land league, while in New York there was no retail storekeepers' league, and there was not likely to be any, for the retailers based their business on competition. He regarded it as an inconsistency that there should be laws against a capitalist's putting \$25,000 out at usurious interest, yet he could take the same \$25,000, invest it in a building, and if the tenants built up a good trade, force them to pay a rental of perhaps fifty per cent. He had at one time been in business in the same building with a guerrilla real estate agent, one of whose tricks he described. The agent would ascertain what rent a retail storekeeper paid, and then seek out another retailer in the same branch of business and find out if he thought he could afford to pay a higher rent than the first paid. If so, the agent would wait on the landlord of the first retailer and offer him the sum the second thought he could pay, and thus either drive out the first or compel him to pay the advanced amount, and in either case get a commission for himself. The gentleman said that real estate agents in Wall street had been steadily advancing for a long time. He told the writer on parting that he had no more sympathy with George men than he had with anarchists.

Another Wall street business man said it was undoubtedly the experience of nearly every retailer who built up a fine business to have his rent raised at the expiration of a lease. He thought that men starting in any retailing business in New York seldom made any money the first year. Landlords fix the highest prices they can induce incoming tenants to pay for store rooms in new buildings, and if the tenants prosper the landlords find it almost as profitable as soon as a lease runs out to take a large share in the prosperity. But let the business turn out to be ever so poor, the landlord reduces the rent only when he can find no one else to take the place of his hands. The speaker had been in business in the neighborhood of Wall street for a quarter of a century. He knew at what a great rate rents would naturally have advanced, considering the increased desirability of Wall street for business. They had not only gone up in that proportion reckoned upon, but had been pushed higher by artificial means and by the dread entertained by business men of losing the trade that they had built up and the belonging to the place individually. He knew of one case in which the rent of a tenant had been doubled in about seven years. The increase had been made only because the landlord thought that the tenant would pay it rather than move away. The business of the tenant was engaged in was much more cut up now than it was seven years ago. This gentleman seemed inclined to inquire what it was that the George men wanted.

Several merchants were seen in the butter, cheese and egg district near Washington market. A very few of them own the buildings in which they carry on business. Last year there was a strong effort made by landlords of the locality to increase rents materially wherever leases then expired. But the tenants resisted the "squeeze," there being no reason for an advance other than that the landlords had the inclination to take all they could make the tenants pay, and leases were consequently obtained at old rates, but the leases given were short ones, made so in expectation of rents going higher. The merchants of the locality are convinced that rents should be lower, in view of the present condition of business, and that there is every prospect that the trade of the vicinity will in future be of such a character as to require a smaller amount to be paid in rent, or else business men will be reduced to the position of mere servants of the landlords. One merchant said that there was really a state of warfare between the real estate owners and tenants of the district. A great deal was being said and done by tenants that indicated the awakening of new principles in their minds. In their discussions the merchants of the trade, who are on closer terms of acquaintance than is usual among business men, frequently mention the teachings of Henry George. This gentleman said: "Landlordism is made more apparent in this city this spring than usual, because of an effort made by the landlords to establish rents to correspond with the high purchase values created by the rapidly increasing aggregation of rich men in this country, and especially in this city, who are competing to invest their money wherever they think it will be a certain mortgage on the people—not only of those now living, but of future generations. This tendency of landlordism is now rapidly developing in thriving cities on account of the

unfortunate tendency of population to concentrate."

A Sixth avenue druggist had no fault to find with his landlord. He had moved from a large store, and he thought that large owners of real estate were usually less exacting than small ones. But in relation to getting along in the world he had been making some observations of his own. Competition in the drug business had reduced profits to a low point. Of the owners of the 700 drug stores of New York, he doubted that two-thirds made more than a mere living. He had a clerk in his store who was competent to manage a place of his own, but the prospect was not encouraging for the best of clerks and managers to set up for themselves. Salaries in drug stores are usually small, the business was overdone, and it seemed that there should be some outlet from it for industrious, capable men so that they might do better than they can within its limitations. In other branches of business there had been great changes on Sixth avenue since he began business, about twenty years ago. The great dry goods mart was swallowing up nearly all of them. The druggist had been thinking over all these things, and asked what the George men proposed to do to remedy it all. He had never read THE STANDARD nor any of Mr. George's works. The writer gave him a brief outline of the subject, and left him, if not a convert, an inquirer.

The case of an Eighth avenue clothing house was mentioned by a gentleman interviewed. The stand has been occupied for many years by father and son. Costly improvements have been made by both in the part of the building which they have occupied. They have added to the store and stock and pushed their sales until their business is one well known in that quarter of the city. But the rapacity of the landlord has been felt year by year, through ever-advancing rents, and the stand will be vacated by the firm on the 1st of May, as they have decided that they will not become merely rent-making agents for the man who owns the building. They intend removing down town and engaging in custom work. They have been rack-rented away from a stand, the value of which their exertions have largely created.

It was the custom in the early days of telegraphy for hotel proprietors and the managers of exchanges to give free to the telegraph companies sufficient room in their building for an operator's booth. In hotels this was regarded as one of the accommodations to which people staying at them were entitled. But this view has been changed, and hotel keepers have adopted the custom of imposing heavy rents upon the companies. In New York city the Western Union telegraph company has from 250 to 300 branch offices, and an operator long in the service of that company expressed it as his belief that it pays nearly half a million dollars in rents for them. For one of the smallest branch offices \$500 a year is paid, and for the branch at the Produce exchange \$24,000 is the annual rent. The estimate of half a million, therefore, cannot be far amiss, and Mr. Gould may be able to sympathize with those who cry out against the extortions of the landlord.

The case of an unscrupulous landlord, the Western Union company \$24,000 for its booth space, it takes from the Baltimore and Ohio company \$14,000 and the Postal telegraph company \$8,000. It gave the last named company a small booth on the floor of the exchange on condition that it would also take two large rooms on the lower floor. In the course of some litigation these large rooms were thrown up by the company and they have since been vacant. The telegraph company had been obliged to rent of the exchange what neither it nor anybody else wanted. The case is an unscrupulous landlord. While the produce exchange charges the Western Union company \$24,000 for its booth space, it takes from the Baltimore and Ohio company \$14,000 and the Postal telegraph company \$8,000. It gave the last named company a small booth on the floor of the exchange on condition that it would also take two large rooms on the lower floor. In the course of some litigation these large rooms were thrown up by the company and they have since been vacant. The telegraph company had been obliged to rent of the exchange what neither it nor anybody else wanted. The case is an unscrupulous landlord.

A few general conclusions. There are many cases of extortion in the rent of New York real estate which are never heard of by the general public. But few large landlords are in commercial life. The custom of short leases and rack rents is growing. The business man is often subject to the landlord to a greater extent than the workman is to his employer. The business man frequently stands in greater fear of the landlord than the wage worker does of his boss.

#### Had Fish Once Last Summer.

Indianapolis Journal.

A student in one of the New York medical colleges tells a story that proves the mutual ignorance of the fashionable and the unfashionable halves of the world. The student class was deep in a clinic conducted by one of the most noted physicians in New York, a man who has much wealth, as well as much learning. The subject was a little girl who came from one of the poorest, wretchedest, and filthiest quarters. The doctor questioned her concerning her remedy, and what she had been doing to cause it.

"Perhaps you have been eating strawberries," he said.

March winds were blowing through the streets, and strawberries were one dollar a box. The wretched little specimen of humanity, who would probably think herself favored by the gods if she could find a half dozen decayed berries on the sidewalk during a whole season, shook her head in a dazed sort of way, as though she didn't know just what he meant. He went blandly on:

"No, Ah, then you have probably eaten some fish?"

Her face brightened now and she drew herself up.

"Yes, we had fish once last summer."

But even then the doctor did not see it.

#### Spreading Very Rapidly.

Jackson, Mich., Tribune.

The Henry George theory to place all taxes on land values is spreading very rapidly. That the increase in land values should belong to the whole people and not to individuals is beginning to be understood as a self-evident fact. The course of events is marching on, and it will be but a few years when this economic theory will become an established fact. While it is probable that the acceptance of this theory will not do all that is claimed for it, it is certain to go a great way toward ameliorating the condition of the poor. It will tend to bring the whole people nearer to a common equality by lifting the very poor out of their degradation and poverty. It will reward all persons according to the labor they perform, and not as now give to those who hold natural opportunities, but do no work, the lion's share of the product, while those who are dependent on the will of others for the opportunity to labor, and do all the work, receive only just sufficient to keep themselves from starvation.

## AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

### A PROTECTIVE POLICY ADOPTED.

The Passage of the Cereal Bill—What It May Lead to—A Carious Law Against Prodigality.

Special to The Standard.

BORDEAUX, March 28.—The passage of the French cereal bill is the most retrograde step taken by France on economic questions for forty years. The majority in its favor has consisted of the 180 reactionaries and of about 120 republicans of various shades, the radicals excepted. The main argument of its supporters has been that manufacturers having already obtained protective duties, agriculturists were equally entitled to them. But for the commercial treaty with Belgium, and its extension to other nations, the manufacturers would doubtless begin to clamor for increased protection, on the ground that bread will become dearer, wages will consequently be higher, and the cost of production will therefore be increased.

The five francs per 100 kilogrammes on foreign cereals was voted by a majority of seventy-nine, which was greater than was anticipated. In the debates on this vital subject the active influence of the government was thrown on the side of the extra duty. The free traders attempted to arouse public opinion on their side, but failed. The republicans resolved to copy Prince Bismarck and try what a turn of protection will do for it. One of the arguments adduced in support of the five-franc duty is that it is only the equivalent of the premium on East Indian corn caused by the depreciation of silver. Baron de Saintvran made the most of this plea in his speech, which was mainly intended to be an appeal for the double standard, in default of which he contends that the commerce of the whole world will continue to be deranged. But he did not anticipate any benefit for the French crop, grower from the impost. It was also argued that a country with an annual charge of five milliards could not compete on equal terms with rising countries like the United States, Australia, and the territories of the River Plata.

The *Lanterne* has an angry article on the subject of the new legislation which is headed "L'Entourage." The writer says that France is now in the possession of the protectionist party. Everything will be sacrificed—liberty of labor, liberty of transport; after the grain, it will be the land that produces the grain; after the bread, meat; and then severally each of the necessities of life and society will be attacked. "This is not all," says the article. "How can they now refuse to protect labor? What reply can be given to the laborers who desire that work may be assured to them, as the sale of their produce has been guaranteed to the holders of the soil? The promulgation of the rights of labor is the logical and inevitable consequence of the vote of the French chamber." The writer goes on to assert that this is nothing else than a triumph of state socialism, and that state socialism leads straight on to "Socialisme Cesariste." The abolition of economic liberty means the abolition of political liberty, for each species of liberty depends upon the other; when death is dealt out to one phase of liberty, all others will speedily suffer. It is asserted that the political and social consequences of the alliance which has been got up among the French deputies will be much more disastrous than is generally imagined at the present moment. A holy indignation will be created among the workmen of this country at the increased price which they have to pay for their daily bread.

A recent case tried before the French courts has revealed the fact that the government has the right to interfere when a spendthrift is bent on dissipating his patrimony to the detriment of the next heir, in the case of the said heir making suit in due legal form to have a curator or *conseil judiciaire* appointed by the courts of law. The judgment given in the case in question has caused a considerable sensation in this country, as the majority of French citizens were not cognizant of the existence of any such law upon the statute books. It appears that this power of interference is a peculiarity of the French law, adopted or inherited from the Roman legislative code. If a man squanders his money and the inheritance of his children, his next of kin are empowered to apply to the judicial authorities to deprive him of the administration of his fortune, and transfer it to a lawyer or notary public. It is immaterial what age may be, for the person thus dealt with is reduced to a state of legal minority, and after due notice has been given in the ordinary way through the press, no debt he may contract is recoverable in law, unless the sanction has first been obtained of the trustee appointed by the courts; and the knowledge of the existence of this provision will doubtless have the effect of restraining unprincipled tradesmen in their endeavors to entrap into useless and reckless extravagance men who are possessed of more money than capacity to use it wisely. The case I have referred to is that of a member of a well-known family of bankers and army contractors, the application being made at the suit of his brother. The evidence adduced disclosed the fact that this middle-aged man of forty had contrived to run through a fortune of \$2,400,000 within twelve years; and, in addition, he had contracted loans for no less a sum than \$1,000,000. A creditor opposed the granting of the application on the ground that the intention of the plaintiff was simply an attempt to assist in evading the payment of just debts. A singularly reckless state of things was disclosed, and after hearing the arguments, the court promptly granted the application.

ARNOLD DICKSON.

#### Platitudes in Place of Argument.

Two workmen, as they were returning home after the close of their day's labor, happened to meet a wealthy gentleman riding in a splendid carriage. One of them said to the other: "That is a nice turnout. Well, some day I will have my horse and carriage too." He was right in his prediction; for subsequently he became a wealthy man himself. The other replied: "What right has that man, who does no work, to live in such luxury, while I, who work so hard, have nothing? I shall all my days be next to a beggar." He was right, too, in his prediction, since he lived and died in poverty.

Both of these men at the time were engaged in the same kind of employment, and received the same rate of wages. They did not, however, possess the same sort of skill in the management of their affairs. One of them had the good sense to live on less than he earned, and after a while he ceased to be a wage earner and became a contractor, and finally accumulated a huge fortune. The other spent his wages as fast as he earned them, and consequently never had any surplus of earnings above his expenses. He always kept himself poor by spending all his earnings. Each fulfilled his own prophecy by the manner and habits of his own life. Here, then, was a broad difference in the men themselves, and this led to a corresponding difference in results.

Workmen in this country, if they will practice industry and economy, dispensing with all unnecessary expenses and living on less than they earn, will gradually become capitalists, to a moderate extent at least, and some of them will become rich. This will do more for them than all the labor organizations in the land. Acting upon these principles, they will need no such organizations to protect their rights.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

How Her Merchants Are Robbed by Land Monopolists.

A writer in the San Francisco *Star* treating of the direct interest of the mercantile class in the concentration of all taxes on land values, says:

Ground rent, as I have shown, results from general enterprise and in a very great measure from the enterprise of merchants, and personal property taxes are only necessary because the public allows its own rental values to be appropriated to the private use of non-producing landlords.

In good times rents are carried to the highest point which merchants will consent to yield and continue in business, and in dull times the landlords take advantage of the merchants' temporary necessities to compel them to pay the same rents, until they have yielded up, at least, all of the profits which resulted from their business during good times, thus making of the merchants mere holders of wood and drawers of water for this idle class of land-lords, who, in return, which, like a band of wretches, is constantly sucking the life blood of trade and industry, and yielding no return for the infamous privilege.

Landlordism shares the prosperity of merchants, and in their adversity it devours their substance. This needs no further proof than is furnished by the daily experience of all observing men, for, though no merchant in San Francisco has been making more than expenses during the past year, there is not one, so far as I know, whose rent has been reduced one dollar in consequence of the depression.

The landlord shares neither the toil, nor the risk, nor the misfortunes of the merchant, but, clothed with the legal right to collect the fruits of public industry, he stands like the unnatural toll gatherer that he is, reaping where he did not sow and darkening the decree of misfortune when its shadow falls upon those whose enterprise made it possible for him to get any rent whatever for his land.

Nearly every merchant in San Francisco is under the iron heel of this crushing power today, for, though the fact may seem at first incredible, as it is indeed terrible, the greater part of all that is earned in good times by the enterprising, tolling, business people, who, through the great thoroughfares of this city and make them hum with the activity of commercial life, flows into the coffers of idle landlords, who, as I have said, take no part in the toil, or the care, or the risk, by which those earnings are produced.

Considering these facts, should any one be surprised (as the statistics of trade show), that ninety-five per cent of all who enter mercantile pursuits fail? They work for landlords, and their task masters grind them to the last penny.

I am tolerably familiar with both sides of Market street from Second to Seventh streets, and among the thousands there I know of only three who do not pay rent to landlords for the premises on which they are doing business.

I am also familiar with the business of Kearny street, and I do not know of any person or firm, doing business on either side of that street, within the eleven blocks lying between Market and Broadway streets, that does not pay a heavy rent to some landlord, who has no interest in the business further than to get his rent out of it regardless of its success or failure.

These are terrible facts, and their silent but indisputable evidence conclusively points out the great social wrong by which industry is robbed to fatten idleness. They reveal the vortex into which its fruits of public enterprise are being poured, while the heads, and clothing, and furniture and houses, and capital of the people, are being taxed to provide funds for public purposes.

The remedy for all of these evils lies in adopting a standard of simple natural justice, by relieving commerce of all burdens of license and taxation, and paying all public expenses out of the land rents, which result entirely, as I have shown, from public enterprise and industry.

This remedy would clearly produce these four results:

1. It would relieve the merchants and the people who purchase their goods from the burden and annoyance of licenses and taxes.
2. The exemption of improvements from taxation would encourage the building of houses and stores, which, being brought into competition for tenants with existing houses and stores, would force a reduction of rents.
3. The heavy taxation of vacant lots would compel their owners to improve them, thus increasing the competition for tenants and further reducing rents.
4. By forcing speculators to bring their idle lands into use, population and enterprise would be vastly increased, thus greatly augmenting the number and purchasing power of consumers and consequently increasing trade.

Reason, Justice and Expediency concur in recommending this reform. How long will an intelligent public remain blind to its highest interests and stubbornly persist in oppressing industry and smothering enterprise for the benefit of land grabbers?

#### The Insurance Combine.



# THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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## THIS WEEK'S ELECTIONS.

Even the wilfully blind cannot shut their eyes to the significance of this week's local elections in the western states. In Cincinnati the united labor party, which fought against enormous odds, probably elected its candidate for mayor, though the suspiciously "revised" returns show a majority of about 500 for the republican candidate. The new party had against it a hostile and mendacious press, the prejudice and money of the wealthy class and the unscrupulous arts, the intimidation and bribery, of both of the old political organizations, while it was finally excluded from any participation in the count of the votes. In the face of all this the vote conceded to it by its opponents is a substantial triumph. In Chicago the labor party met a defeat doubtless partly due to imprudent leadership. Remembering the falsehoods of the newspapers concerning the labor movement in New York last fall, we give but little credence to the sensational stories concerning the anarchist sympathies of those engaged in the movement in Chicago, but we, nevertheless, cannot shut our eyes to the fact that many of the utterances of those claiming to represent the party were unwise, and this doubtless contributed not a little to their defeat, though there, as in Cincinnati, the money of the monopolists and the corrupt practices of the politicians played an important part in achieving success for the republican party. In Dubuque, Iowa, where the labor party stood practically on the Clarendon hall platform, it elected every one of its candidates and distanced both of the old parties. In Milwaukee the democrats and republicans placed a fusion ticket in the field against the labor party, but despite this the latter carried the city.

All of this demonstrates that the new party has already become a serious factor in politics, and that the days of political organizations having neither purpose nor convictions are numbered. The inevitable contest between the masses and the classes has begun, and one or the other of the old organizations must go down, leaving to its opponent the task of fighting monopoly's battle against the people. In New York last fall it looked as if the democracy would undertake that task, but in the west it is the republican party that comes to the front as the champion of money and privilege. In Chicago the democratic party committed hari-kari in advance, and federal officeholders saw no offensive partisanship in leading the democratic stampede into the republican ranks. In Cincinnati the democratic party was simply overwhelmed, and the republican organization posed as the only champion of the "saviors of society." In Milwaukee the two parties fused, and, thus united, failed to win success. All of this is useful in clearing the ground of dead issues and obstructive organizations, and thus preparing the way for the battle that is to come. The name of the new monopoly combination is a matter of indifference to the united labor party; but, if the organization representing privilege and monopoly desires it, Tammany hall can readily find in its lumber room, among other titles that it has cast aside, the name "democratic-republican," which will doubtless be as pleasing to those concerned as it will be inappropriate and absurd.

It is probably useless to attempt to warn the leaders and press of the old parties that they are doing all that lies in their power to give to the new movement the very direction which they profess to fear that it will take. Perhaps they seek that very result in representing the workingmen as anarchists and proclaiming their peaceful victories at the polls as triumphs of lawlessness. But it does concern the men engaged in the new movement to frown down any attempt to rob it of its peaceful and thoroughly American character. Nothing that we can do will save us from misrepresentation at the hands of our enemies, and such misrepresentation has ceased to injure us. But we do need to take care that we do not alienate those disposed to be our friends. The working people of America are the enemies of lawlessness and misrule. Native or naturalized, they love their country and its flag, and will not march under the blood-red banner of European revolution nor tolerate interference in American politics by any foreign prince or cardinal. In this last respect, as well as in its faith in the will of the people, the labor party is now the only one entitled to call itself American. Nor is the new party composed alone of those ordinarily called laborers. It seeks the support of all who do useful work with hand or brain, and its fight is not that of honest labor against useful capital, but that of the producer against the monopolist.

Nor is it sufficient that the new party shall refrain from offending those whose

votes it needs and whose cause it represents. The work of education within its ranks must go hand in hand with that of organization. It is not sufficient that all who are discontented with things as they are shall join in expressing their dissatisfaction at the polls. Such a party could win but the triumph of a day and then fade away like frost on a window pane, leaving behind it naught but disappointment and despair. The party that seeks the emancipation of all men from industrial slavery must have as clear cut a purpose and as well defined a leading principle as that which accomplished the emancipation of the black man from chattel slavery. It must offer a remedy, not a mere palliative, for the evils that it attacks. Otherwise its victories will be fruitless and it will fall into the decrepitude of the purposeless political organizations that it contemptuously brushes aside as it has the republican party in New York and the democratic party in the west.

This is the time for the consideration of such questions. The vote cast in the west assures the permanence and national scope of the movement so auspiciously begun in New York last fall. At a single bound the new party has reached a position that enables it to laugh at detraction and rebuke slander. It must now concern itself with its own affairs rather than with the vagaries of its alarmed and demoralized enemies. The time is approaching when the voters who have achieved these results will naturally seek to form a representative national organization. Before that is attempted they must consider what remedy they have to offer for the ills that they complain of and prepare to assert the principles that they represent. Let the good work of organization go on, as it has gone on here in New York from the hour that the polls closed at the last election, but let there be no sacrifice of principle through haste to win victories. There is a remedy for the wrongs to which labor is subjected, and no party that is not prepared to apply that remedy can accomplish any more, in the long run, for workmen than has been done by the effete parties now tottering to their final fall.

## WILL MR. BLACK PLEASE CALL?

Mr. William Nelson Black, in a recent lengthy communication to the *Sun*, has knocked the plan of taxing land values endways, so to speak. For to make a tax remunerative there must be something to be taxed; to collect a tax on land values you must first have land values; and Mr. Black demonstrates that there is really no such thing as land value.

Mr. Black doesn't require us to take his unsupported word for it. He cites history. He tells us how a certain Mr. Beard bought a lot of land at the mouth of Gowanus creek, in New York harbor, for \$60,000, dug it out to make the Erie basin, erected warehouses, filled in the adjoining lots, and enjoyed the fruits of his labor to the tune of \$6,000,000, all of which millions, as Mr. Black says, are due to the improvements, because if there hadn't been any improvements the land would have been still useless and idle, and consequently couldn't possibly have advanced in value.

We thank Mr. Black for the flood of light he has shed on a great question; and in return we propose to make his fortune. If he will call at this office we will tell him, in strict confidence, of a lot of swamp land we know of bordering on a beautiful bay down south. He can get just as much of this land as he wants for \$500; and, having got it, all he need do will be to dig out a duplicate of the Erie basin, fill in the adjoining lots and have a \$6,000,000 property of his own.

## THE BAD TRADE UNION.

Now that trades unions have by the law against importing laborers carried the protective theory a step further toward its logical conclusion, they are assailed for their impudence and blindness. The *Times* is accounted a free trade paper, but it is no more a free trade paper than a colonizationist in the fifties was an abolitionist; and what it has to say is as good protection opinion as any protection organ could utter, and is indeed about the same in sentiment and tone.

The theory of trades unionists, it says, "is that the quantity of work to be done is relatively fixed, and that the fewer there are to do it the greater will be the share of each." The *Times* insinuates that this is a fallacy; and in the abstract it is. There can be no relative limit to the quantity of labor to be done so long as every one wants something that somebody else can make, and is willing to make something in exchange. But, as a concrete fact, the quantity of work is relatively fixed. This the trade unionist, though ignorant of the economic abstraction, sees, and the *Times*, stupefied by the abstraction, does not see. No one can make anything unless he has something to make it from; and as this something, in the last analysis, is land, a withdrawal of that from use tends to limit the power of men to make things to exchange for other things. Consumption is thereby limited, and that limitation, reacting, limits the quantity of work to be done so that it may fairly be said to be a fixed quantity. From this it follows that the fewer people there are to do the work the greater will be the share of each; or, what is the real point, the greater will be the wages of each. The same principle applies when many own the land, if any considerable number are excluded.

But the greater complaint of the *Times* is that trades unions limit apprenticeships.

Of course, this is essentially false. There are few trades any more in which there are apprentices in any proper sense. But this fact is not due to trades unions; it is due to the division of labor, which the *Times* would no doubt applaud, since that in the abstract is an excellent thing. At one time there were trades for apprentices to learn; but now, except in a limited number of vocations, the apprentice has only to get the knack of some fraction of a trade, such as setting type in a printing office, to be as useful to the employer as the journeyman, though his wages be less. Trades unions have been driven on this account to limit apprenticeships as well as their power would allow. If they had not done so the work of a good many trades would be wholly done by "apprentices," until the wages in these trades touched the line of unskilled labor.

The difficulty with all these critics of labor unions is that the "monopoly" of labor, as they delight to call it, interferes in some degree with a monopoly of their own; and while they talk glibly enough about interfering with freedom of employment, they are master sticklers for the one monopoly that interferes with all freedom of employment—unqualified ownership of raw materials.

## PHILANTHROPY BY PROXY.

Dr. Henry D. Cogswell of San Francisco is one who, like Abou Ben Adhem, loves his fellow men. Seeing the wretchedly underpaid condition of labor in San Francisco, and observing also that skilled labor commands higher wages than unskilled, Dr. Cogswell has decided to increase the number of skilled laborers by founding and having maintained in San Francisco a polytechnic college, where boys and girls shall obtain practical training in the mechanical arts and other industries. To this end Dr. Cogswell has availed himself of the powers vested in him by the laws of California, and has obtained that henceforth and forever a constantly increasing number of residents of San Francisco shall devote each year a constantly increasing number of days' labor to the furnishing of all things needful for the college—buildings, books, apparatus, food, clothing, and luxuries for the teachers, and, it may be, the support of the gentlemen who will see that the proper number of days' work is faithfully performed. This is generous on the part of Dr. Cogswell, because it is quite within his power, under the laws of California, to make any other use he pleases of all this labor of the future. He might utilize it for his own support in luxury, or he might exchange the privilege of commanding it for a lot of present wealth in the shape of houses, or cattle, or ships, or anything else—labor, present or prospective, will always bring its price. But it involves no generosity on the part of the people who are to do the work which shall support the polytechnic school, because they can't help themselves; the laws of California provide that they must labor gratis for Dr. Cogswell or his assigns, whether they like it or not; and what Dr. Cogswell does with their labor is simply none of their business.

The San Francisco papers in their record of Dr. Cogswell's philanthropy employ a pleasing euphemism. They put it that Dr. Cogswell has conveyed to trustees, for the benefit of the college: A block of land bounded by Sixth and Seventh and King and by Townsend streets; a block bounded by Sixth and Seventh, King and Berry streets; a piece of land at the southeast corner of Shotwell and Twenty-sixth streets; a piece of land at the southeast corner of Folsom and Twenty-sixth streets; a piece of land at the southeast corner of Front and Clark streets, and a piece of land at the southeast corner of Broadway and Ohio streets.

This, however, is immaterial. The good people of San Francisco will do the work just the same.

## THE LAND VALUE OF A SOUL.

The congregation of Christ church will continue to worship God in their present building, on the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, for some time to come, at least. The interests of the church, it is stated, would be subserved by a removal further up town; but nobody is willing as yet to pay \$225,000 for the land the present church edifice stands on; and until that sum is offered no removal will take place.

This is a queer commingling of Christianity and real estate, and suggests a curious train of thought. The interest of the church is, of course, to save souls; a removal up town would confessedly enable it to save more souls; the reason it doesn't move is because only \$207,500 is offered for its land, against \$225,000 asked. Now what number of souls must go in peril of damnation, while the church's land is acquiring that lacking value of \$17,000 or thereabouts, what is the land value of a soul? It is a pity that St. Paul, or, be it reverently spoken, a Greater than Paul, is not here on earth to ask and answer that question.

The *Times* says that John Most, while in prison, was "compelled to learn how decent men and women behave, and to understand, if not to acquire, their sentiments by following their observances." Surely decent men and women could be put to better use than sending them to prison to teach Most how to behave.

M. M. TRUMBULL, a writer in the *Open Court*, has made the remarkable discovery that "to make unskilled labor skillful is the true policy, so that the product of labor may be greater and its reward higher in money." According to this, if every workman were highly skilled every workman would be better paid. If every fireman were a competent engineer, fireman would get as much as engineers get, and if hod carriers could lay bricks, they would receive bricklayers' wages. Yet, every observer knows that an increase in the number of engineers or bricklayers tends to lower wages in those occupations, and it requires no very vivid imagination to see

that if every workman could do any kind of work as well as any other workman, all wages would fall to the lowest point, notwithstanding that production would be immeasurably increased. Mr. Trumbull's stumbling block is that of most dabbles in the "labor question." He fails to note the difference between production and distribution. Seeing that greater skill produces greater results, he infers that it secures higher rewards to the producer. In any normal condition of society this would be so. But it is not so when society has established artificial dams to obstruct and divert the natural flow of wealth in distribution. It is not so, for example, when the worker is a chattel slave. It is not so when he is a convict. Nor is it so when he must compete with an army of men in enforced idleness for lack of opportunities to work. In such competition the skilled get better wages than the unskilled, not because they produce more but because competition for opportunities to do work that does not require skill is keener than competition to do work that does require skill. If all were equally skilled, in high degree (Mr. Trumbull's ideal), the competition for opportunities to do skilled work would be as keen as it is now to do unskilled work, and the wages of skilled and unskilled laborers would be about alike, not on the higher but on the lower plane of industrial reward. If there were any difference it would most likely be in favor of unskilled work as the more disagreeable.

"LEGISLATORS could serve the public in no way so well as by framing a law which would fairly equalize the burdens of government," says the *Commercial*. Just what they say. And what other way can that be done than by taxing land values, which, after all, are only what some of us pay others of us for the privilege of living? When you tax labor products, laborers bear the burdens of government; but when you tax land values everybody, as John Stuart Mill truly said, escapes taxation, because then the government takes for public use only what privileged idleness would otherwise take for private use. The very best possible method of equalizing public burdens is thus to practically abolish taxes and meet public expenses with an income that belongs of right to the public which creates it.

All but privileged classes suffer in greater or less degree from the same cause. The reason that the greatest outcry comes from those who are distinguished as the laboring class is that this class suffers in greatest degree.

How common the expression: "I am working for my landlord!" and yet how few who use it appreciate its significance!

JOHN MOST has just been released from the penitentiary. Most made a speech about a year ago, in which he urged his hearers to arm and drill in preparation for a bloody conflict of classes which he predicted, and for this he was sent to prison. Men like Most are the outward manifestations of social disease. Society is not to be saved by punishing them, but by removing the cause of that discontent and bitterness which they roughly express. If there was any danger in his appeal it was because there were hosts of men so oppressed, imbruted and embittered that they might respond. If there were such, the fault was with institutions that transform free born citizens with noble instincts into blind and furious beasts. Most might have urged men with all the eloquence and power of oratory to hang themselves, but he would have urged in vain all to whom life had not become a burden. And his appeals to arm and destroy would have been like the chatter of gossips against the wind if a large fraction of society had not been restive under an injustice that they felt but did not understand. Thirty years ago such talk as that for which Most was condemned would have been laughed at; but if he had urged an armed attack upon the slaveholders he would have been promptly punished. But now to urge an armed attack upon slaveholders would be laughed at, while language that would have been ridiculed thirty years ago is declared a crime. The reason is the same in each case. Thirty years ago the evils of landlordism had not come to the surface and no general discontent existed, but now they have come to the surface and fanatic appeals to murder are raised in public sentiment from the grade of foolishness to the attitude of sedition. As when society fostered slavery it shuddered at every ambiguous phrase about slavery, lest it might be a spark to a powder mill, it shudders now at any words which may excite the disinherited to rise up and destroy. Its danger lies in its own crime; its fear is inspired by its own conscience.

Insurrections may be kindled among slaves, but not among freemen, and when we fear the agitator we may be sure that there are slaves among us, whatever may be the name by which we know them. The fear that the fanaticism of men like Most excites in the courts, in newspaper offices and among the saviors and butterflys of society, is the best possible evidence that society is aware of the discontent of those who bear its burdens and is vaguely conscious of its own crime. It is the criminal who sees an officer in every bush. If we fostered no wrong we should fear no avenger.

## THE WEEK IN WALL STREET.

Notwithstanding the still further decrease in reserve, as shown by the bank statement of Saturday, leaving but \$4,000,000 above the required twenty-five per cent surplus, the stock market has shown decided strength. In anticipation of monetary stringency it seemed to waver up to the hour that the statement was published. But Saturday afternoon it took a new lease of life, and during the fore part of this week the "bulls" have had their own way. With the higher range of prices an increase in the volume of business has also appeared, so that the complaints of dullness heard on all sides a few weeks ago have, to a great extent, ceased.

The fear of tight money has almost com-

pletely vanished, and along with the disbursement of \$31,000,000 in April, it is expected will come much lower interest rates. This loosening of rates will aid the bulls in their present effort to lift the market to something approaching the attitude of last December, which will allow those who took on stocks at the highest prices of the present boom to get rid of their stocks and get back their money.

Nothing is more evident than that this is the aim of the cliques. With the exception of Mr. Cammack, who is at present but a lukewarm opponent of the present upward movement, all the large operators are "bulls." Chicago has sent some of her biggest operators to help swell the bubble; and Deacon White and Mr. Gould vie with each other in their expressions of hopefulness. But the market is not a broad one, nor has the public evinced any great eagerness to get in at these "bottom prices." The specialties will be the features for a while, and the market will be advanced in spots until about the time the public again takes hold, when a general leveling up will follow, and the burden of carrying stocks will be shifted from the cliques to the innocents, who invariably buy when stocks are high and sell when they are low. Probably the only advances resting on merit are those in the coal stocks, consequent upon the late advance in the price of anthracite. The Jersey Central has developed a marked upward tendency, the result of the heavy buying by the syndicate that has taken its reorganization in hand. Reading has led the list in activity, not on the ground that its complications are nearer settlement, but partly as the result of the increased tax on consumers of anthracite and on the theory that whatever helps Jersey Central will help Reading. Poor Reading! Once so prosperous and still so magnificent, and yet hopelessly bankrupt. Plastered all over with mortgages. Liable at any moment to go under the hammer; and should she escape this it will be as by fire. She epitomizes the history of nearly every railroad in the country. Pushed forward by an ambitious president, Reading sought to control the majority of the coal lands of Pennsylvania. The other roads followed largely the policy of paying to the owners of coal lands one ton for the privilege of taking out five, that is, twenty per cent of the take; but Reading, not content with paying this rent, sought to buy out the landlord and own the coal itself, and in its turn to play the landlord and have a host of tenants of its own. But it paid too much for its whistle. Running wild with the spirit of speculation prevailing previous to the '73 panic, it paid whatever price was asked for coal lands, and the company, formed to pay for these lands, known as the Philadelphia and Reading coal and iron company, the greater part of whose stock the Reading owned, has been the great burden that has kept Reading on her knees. She mortgaged herself up to her eyes to pay for these lands, and all her enormous earnings have not been sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds. Later, when she thought to lighten the burden by extending her lines and opening new markets, she was met on all sides by the blackmail of high prices for land. In some of the Pennsylvania towns, for the privilege of passing across the foot of ordinary building lots, she paid a sum large enough to enable the owner of the lot to erect a handsome house. This meant more mortgages, heavier fixed charges and a larger debt. To get her once again on her feet has been the problem with some of our greatest financiers for several years.

The Cincinnati and Chicago elections elicited no little comment in Wall street. That the labor party has come to stay is admitted on all sides, and what a year or so ago was derision and contempt has, with the growth of the labor movement, been changed into either fear or respect. Wall street has always taken a deep interest in politics and in all important governmental measures, so that it is not surprising to hear now and then some shrewd financier or railroad king predict the ultimate amalgamation of the two old parties in order that the new political forces may be kept in subjection. And yet a considerable element will say: "Go in, boys! Here is the ballot box, find out what your grievance is and have it redressed there." The conviction is strong that labor has a grievance, but that a clear statement of it cannot be made; and until the grievance is comprehended clearly Wall street will continue to congratulate itself upon labor's defeats, if for no other reason than that the unknown is still further delayed. When the tape on Tuesday reversed the Cincinnati election news contained in the morning papers and brought the republican ticket out ahead, the "street" manifested a somewhat easier feeling. The railroads took so much interest in the Chicago contest as to contribute \$500 each toward the defeat of Nelson. The probable success of labor at the polls has the same disquieting effect that a strike or the prospect of a strike has. But a strike always benefits trade if it is successful, and labor's victory at the polls would bring first, cleaner government, and second, higher wages. Both of these would act beneficially upon all legitimate interests. With higher wages would come increased consumption, strong demand, heavy and continued railroad traffic and general prosperity. The very things the railroads strive for in contributing to the defeat of labor, they would more than gain were labor's aspirations realized. Capital and labor are one and inseparable. They march together, whether to defeat or to victory. The greatest idleness of one means the greatest suffering to the other, and when labor is constantly employed at high wages capital is reaping its most profitable reward. Financiers feel and see this truth, yet they shy away when labor makes advances. One thing is certain, when Wall street sees clearly that land, the land system and landlordism forbid the bans and stir up these conflicts, so wasteful to both capital and labor, then will such impetus be given the new movement, by the acquisition of this business element, that defeat will be next to impossible.

Prices for government bonds show a still further advance, and activity in them has scarcely lessened.

The stock market has had several feverish spells, so with every fractional advance it is obliged to absorb great quantities of stock. But the cliques are undaunted, and seem to be afraid of nothing. The real estate activity will eventually put an end to their dreams and give the "bears" ample opportunity to go short and cover with heavy profits.

X. Y. Z.

The rich grow richer, and the poor poorer, not so much through the operations of existing laws as through their mal-administration. When it shall have been demonstrated that human misery goes hand in hand with wisely administered laws, it will be time to invoke the measures advocated by Messrs. George and McGlynn.

A NEW KIND OF POLITICS.

THURSDAY, March 31.—The Fifteenth assembly district of the united labor party held a mass meeting to protest against the action of Archbishop Corrigan in suspending Dr. McGlynn from his pastorate of St. Stephen's. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Gahan, Post, Crossdale, Clarke and others. The temper of the meeting was that, if the doctor was not soon restored, the church would lose a considerable membership.

The Twenty-second and Twenty-third districts also held a largely attended meeting at Parepa hall, Eighty-sixth street, near Third avenue, which was addressed by Messrs. McCarthy, Fields, Schevitch, Gahan and others. A. J. Steers presided. The audience, composed largely of ladies, was very enthusiastic. Resolutions denouncing the outrageous suspension of Dr. McGlynn by the "Tammany hall hierarchy" were unanimously adopted, as was also a resolution pledging to the doctor the moral and financial support of the Catholic citizens of the two districts forever.

At the meeting of the Eighteenth district club, 235 East Thirty-fourth street, two new members were elected to represent the district in the general committee, and \$25 was donated to the *Leader*.

The Fifth district club met at Warren hall, with Francis P. Nichols in the chair, and transacted routine business in the interest of the party.

FRIDAY, April 1.—In the Ninth district the session of the club, at Hudson and Twelfth streets, was mainly taken up with a debate on questions of interest to workmen, in which William A. McGlynn, J. J. Steers and Williams, "the boy orator," participated.

SATURDAY, April 2.—The Progress and Poverty club of the Twenty-third district met at 105th street and Third avenue. The proceedings were opened by reading the second chapter of Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade," after which there was a long debate on the merits of each proposition, in which a number of members of the united labor party from other districts took part. One of the audience remarked that Mr. Senator Sherman was traveling over the country explaining to the benighted workmen the duties of protection, and the club thought they would like to hear him on the question, so they resolved to send a committee to the Twenty-third district club of the united labor party and ask them to invite the senator to come to New York to settle several points over which some of the members of the Progress and Poverty club had their doubts. If the senator will consent to come to this city, the club will ask the assembly district organization to invite some gentleman from the free trade side to discuss the question with Mr. Sherman from a public platform. Lectures and debates are given by the Progress and Poverty club every Saturday evening.

The Fourth assembly district club had a large and enthusiastic meeting at 68 East Broadway. The reports from the election districts show that the united labor party is in a fine condition. Many new members are coming in. The headquarters of the club are open every evening except Sunday, and any one in the Seventh ward who wants to know what is going on in labor politics can find out by calling. Mr. Henry George will lecture at the Windsor theater for the benefit of the club, Sunday evening, April 17.

SUNDAY, April 3.—The primary election, picnic and conference committees of the Fourteenth assembly district met at Clarendon hall. Arrangements were completed for immediately reorganizing the district under the laws of the general committee now pending, and which will probably be adopted at the next session of that body. The committee to confer with the German members of the party in the district declared in favor of the proposition to organize agitation clubs in the various languages, these clubs at all times to be subject to the laws governing the party. The picnic committee was organized by electing M. J. Murray chairman, Franz Koenig secretary, and John J. Murphy, Sr., treasurer. The committee will meet next Sunday at Clarendon hall and appoint all the necessary sub-committees.

MONDAY, April 4.—The Twentieth district club opened permanent headquarters at 151st street and Second avenue. There was a regular old time house warming, singing, etc., and congratulatory addresses, all of which, so a little bird says, lasted till 3 o'clock in the morning.

The Tenth district club gave an entertainment and ball at Germania hall, 201 Bowers. The entertainment was furnished by the Carl Sahn club of musicians, Sozialistische leiertafel, Arbeiter fortbildungsverein and Prof. Robert in a sword-swallowing and glass-balancing act. The dancing began at about midnight. It closed around the direction of Messrs. Charles Uebelode, floor manager, and Louis Weiss, assistant. This district was carried by the united labor party in the last election. The present officers are: August W. Mayer, president; Ed Goldsmith, vice-president; William Gerner, English recording secretary; B. Wiedekamp, German recording secretary; D. I. Jacobs, corresponding secretary; Robert Berggreen, treasurer; Vincent W. Woytisek, sergeant at arms.

The Twenty-fourth district club gave an entertainment and ball at 151st street and Third avenue. This paper was promised a report from one of the members, but it did not arrive.

TUESDAY, April 5.—The Seventeenth district club had a large meeting at Wendell's assembly rooms, Forty-fourth street, in the interest of Dr. McGlynn, a detailed report of which appears elsewhere.

The Third district met at 42 Great Jones street and elected the following as officers for the ensuing year: Wm. J. Miles, president; Fred Berbedanz, vice-president; M. Osborne, recording secretary; G. H. Robinson, treasurer; John J. Shine, financial secretary; Arthur Ware, corresponding secretary; David Kronberg, sergeant at arms. The club will hereafter have entertainments and debates on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, the first to take place April 12, at the rooms of the Tailors' library league, 42 Great Jones street. Mr. Miles will deliver the address on that occasion.

Meetings were held at 310 Sixth avenue (Eleventh district), 1807 Third avenue (Twenty-third-German branch), and 151st street and Third avenue.

WEDNESDAY, April 6.—The Sixth district club met at 412 Grand street and, in addition to routine business, ordered that a mass meeting in the interest of the party be held on April 20. This district polled nearly 3,200 votes on the last election, and the endeavor is to be made to get a large portion of those who voted to take an active interest in strengthening the organization. The club has secured permanent headquarters, which they will have open to all friends and the public in a short time.

The entertainments for the coming week are as follows: Monarch social club's picnic at Washington park this (Saturday) afternoon and evening; Eighth assembly district, entertainment and ball, Wallalla hall, Thursday, April 14. Meetings: This (Saturday) evening—Fourth district, 68 East Broadway; Twenty-third (lecture), 1807 Third avenue. Monday, April 11—Fourteenth, 257 East Tenth street; Twenty-first, Seventh assembly district, corner Forty-seventh, Twenty-second, 1425 Second avenue; Twenty-third (English), 1807 Third avenue. Tuesday, April 12—Eleventh, 510 Sixth avenue; Third, 42 Great Jones; Fifteenth, 475 Ninth avenue; Sixteenth, 350 First avenue; Twenty-third (German), 1807 Third avenue. Wednesday, April 13—Sixth, 412 Grand street; Tenth, 107 East Fourth; Thirteenth, 208 Eighth avenue.











## Our Optimistic Rapaces' Opinions.

The rumors lately current here have caused the deepest consternation: The universal atmosphere is one of social innovation.

Now Henry George's lance has sent to ancient twilight's vanes, And put attainers' brand on Rent, And smothered the genesis of Taxes.

For shocked—'Tis really quite agast, To hear the honored, social pillars, By Bawdigh and Labouchere classed As merely social cattawpillars.

Our social savior, Malthus, saw An awdained struggle for existence, And fabricated God's great law, Which presses Hodge against subsistence.

Vile socialists would interfere With the dewees which gall and waste them; And threaten to subvert the speech In which the cleav Malthus placed them.

Tis lucky the Malthusian "law" Fits Evolution's "Fittest" so well; Great binary creeds, meet for the maw Of plutocrats—or wit of Lowell.

The social problem cannot rise Above this abstract fawmulation: How can we furthaw utilize The proletarian perspiration?

The great republic of the West, In statecraft's sorcery can surpass us; Where Fiat Freedom mawks the west Of her political Pannassus.

Where e'en the sterile "right" to chase Awaits Illusion's vast morasses The spirit flutons. Happiness Suffices the bawntooled masses.

Where Patwiotism's spectwal flahs, Blown by Chicaneew's well-masked bellows, Make spoolmen's lucrative desahs, O'erwule the soveraign-suffraged fellows.

Westminstaw's weally quite abast Washington's legislative schemaws, Where astute twaders in statecraft Pose as Society's redemawss.

Where painfull Humburg floods the land, (Lake lava from Kilawee's cwtaww) Fwesh as a nutmeg from the hand Of its Connecticut cwtaww.

Heah, Jingo's bawzen wataplan, From Fawn lilt sweet's supple Senate's wotaww; The Colonel Sellers once again Vending a Cwecuss-bwecding nostwum.

Steel foils they hasten to ewect, That Jobbewy's Mills may fawgwe the awmaw; And floating battwies to protect The much bawpelled Kansas fawmaw.

With awntial aldermen to wawd, The twasure of each fwontier village, Their common-tilth they're bound to gwawd, Against Quixote's lance or Xanucc pillage.

These twans Atlantic social signs My class regawd with much complacence; For there, Fwogression's caste-spawing lines Awgure the Old World's caste wewnaissance.

Growth of estates in Land—of mobs— Indulgence to mob-conditions— Pannawss—twaw jurist's job— Society-Savahs' fat commissiawss;

The race-fawt titled wawgwawss—cwawss— Livewies—yachts—dog-cawwts—cockney cul-chaw— Widawg to hounds—the ewch ewaw attests The instincts of the ewle cwahaw.

When, lately, to our social dwags Ietchawed for the mob's diversion, The mob, with pwe-histawic eggs Bespawwawed my patwician person.

Should England grow too twopical, And Misery's wail much furthaw vex us, Fwom my awntaww Greyfawd Hall I'll migwaw to my wawche in Texas.

But, sanguine yet, my twust remains In the Old Aledaw's persistence, Which awround Ceres' bawwstow plains Still rears the "bawwiers of subsistence."

And the hoar, cabalistic cant— The Economic Cunt of ages— Which most dewelops Wealth and Wawnt, And atropifies the "fund of wawges."

Will hold the hungry wawdes in twail, And, in its caste-emwawging gwawces, Fwecifid but of the cawmwawnt's call, Fwewserve the gwaww Rapaces.

J. F. COOPER.

## NUMBER NINETEEN.

It is a curious fact that I became interested in her utterly against my will, and while making every effort to be rid of her, and to pass by, like the priest and the Levite, on the other side. Not that I am naturally hard-hearted, nor that I am naturally a helping hand to a child, but because I had my honest doubts about its being help, in any substantial sense, to make it easy for them—the children—to enter the factory doors as laborers in any capacity whatever. Hitherto I had used all my influence against their being there, made a granite law that I would have neither part nor lot in the matter, and then—well, I did think up to a certain day that the most inexplicably painful sight I had ever seen was an old woman, "seventy past," thanking God with tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks that Pfalzer & Co. would give her work to do—she "could sew right goodly," she said; but I had yet to behold something more painful and, in its way, more wonderful. It was the evening of the same day, in early spring time, and the bell was ringing for dismissal, when a mere wisp of a child took her station on the broad stone step at the factory door. She seemed to have been lurking about previously, for from my place at the head of the stairs I remembered having seen the fantastic hood and calico slip fit by twice or thrice before she finally settled at the threshold. She was a genuine Cinderella in air and attire, but so intent upon her errand, so frowningly anxious as to brow, so determined as to mouth and chin that, after all, she might have been her own goddess, bent on working metamorphoses without a wand. As the crowd came thronging out she scanned the various faces passing her wistfully and eagerly, but apparently unsatisfied with her inspection. She lifted her hands several times and reached up in a futile attempt to detain one or two who, unaware of her presence, rudely jostled her, but they did not feel so light a touch in the rough pressing around them; they were tired and hungry, glad to escape the hard day's thrall, and so did through her fingers. Parting to the right and left they mingled swiftly and intricately with other foot passengers who were homeward bound, and until I came down the stairs, she had not gleaned a single word nor glance. It was certainly my intention to get by if I decently could

do so; I had had my own troubles to bear that day, and I could not forget the old woman with streaming eyes lifted to heaven fervently thanking God that she had at last procured work. She was so feeble, poor soul! that one of the hands carried her bundle down the narrow stairs for her, and said pitifully as she followed him, "You're all right now, mother!" and she laughed as cheerily as if she had found a treasure in the wretched stuff she was going to strain her sight and waste her strength over. It fretted me to remember her, and I was resolved to get by the sorrowful, tattered child if I possibly could, for my cup was running over and the taste of it was bitter. "Destitute old age! What could be worse than that?" I had said to myself, not knowing that the answer was waiting for me beside the door.

It had been a dark, drizzling morning with a sullen sky, but when my foot touched the last step and while the little creature below stood staring disappointedly down the street, the setting sun suddenly pierced the watery clouds and struck in brilliant rays along the wet sidewalk, burnishing and glorifying everything upon which they fell, from the mud puddle left by the rain to the white spire of Christ church. They shone upon the slender child and beautified her also, changing the very texture of her mean clothing and the expression of her face. The sternness of the mouth, the meditative lines upon her forehead, were softened and smoothed into a semblance of pensive pathetic enough in one so young. Her flimsy dress of pink cotton, rustling in the bleak breeze sweeping from the river on the east, grew luminous in the rosy light, and outlining her limbs proved how few garments she had beneath it, and this was March weather.

The wavy locks of her neglected, curly hair were lifted from her eyes in a halo of bright gold. The change in her was so striking and so unexpected, it appeared so strongly to the imagination, that it made me pause for a second—no longer than that—to look at her. If among the fallen angels there were any whose years, reckoned by earth's calendar, were few as hers, she might have been a poor lost seraph babe, with drabbed wings, who had fluttered to rest upon the dry step at the factory door; and but for this foolish fancy, I might have slid by her unobserved; but it was not to be; I was too late by half a second. She had not noticed me at first, the yellow splendor blinding her so suddenly, but she wheeled about, looked up at me, and stretched out a desperate hand to hold me. This was no seraph-child; far from it; she was a mere daughter of the gutter in her rags and proper guise, and at the touch of her elin claw upon my arm I waited, with an inward groan, to hear what her question or request might be.

"Say," she exclaimed with a glance of shy and yet daring eagerness, "Oh, say!" In her breathless haste she was unable to find any other words than those, her chief business being to detain me.

"Well, Cinderella, say on," I replied gravely. "Do you want a model?" she asked, nodding toward the door behind me. She lifted her brows most expressively and fixed her dark eyes on mine.

"Do I want a model?" I repeated in feigned surprise. Anxious as I was to get rid of her I could not bear to say bluntly "No," at least, not with that suppliant glance forecasting my answer, so I weakly temporized.

"Not you, of course," she answered, "but them in there; Pfalzer's, I mean," very elaborately explaining.

Nothing in the whole range of child labor that she could have picked out suited her so badly as the occupation of model. Such little ones must be stout, well developed, passably clad, and besides, they had enough hired already; that I knew. She was ill-fed, ill-dressed; the contour of her face was too sharply oval, her figure too angular to display to advantage the coats, cloaks and costumes happier children were to wear. Her case was hopeless from the start, and yet, coward like, I could not give her a repulse and be done with it; it seemed almost brutal not to soften the blow; therefore, I kept up the pretense of not understanding.

"A model of what, pray, was it your modest ambition to be?" I asked lightly; but she took me to task at once, crying reproachfully, "You know, you know very well!" and drew herself up frowning as if she were teacher and I the stupid scholar who would not say a very plain lesson. It might have amused me under other circumstances, the innocent assumption of waiting dignity, this determination not to be trifled with, in a person hardly as high as my waist, but I was very desirous indeed of ending the matter, and still reluctant to say "no," the earnest eyes searching mine, and the little claw, blue with cold, just dropping from my arm, so I moved on a pace or two, remarking:

"You gypsey! you ought to be at school or at play, not at work. Seems to me you are aspiring rather early to become 'the glass of fashion and the mold of form,' don't you think so?"

I did not suppose she would comprehend all I said, still I hoped she might, with a child's keen intuition, infer my disapproval, and run away abashed at the tone, if not exactly at the words, thus relieving me of the embarrassment of dismissal. She had no such intention, and it became evident she understood my meaning perfectly.

"I'm done school," she returned quickly, "and I've got no time to play. They did waw models here yesterday, from two to fourteen years old, and I'm almost ten. I saw the card myself on this very spot," pointing to the nail upon which a placard had swung the day before.

"Then why didn't you drop in yesterday if you were in the neighborhood?"

For the first time her manner became childishly confused; she glanced shyly up at me, blushing furiously, then looked askance, with an air of intense mortification, at her feet, and stammeringly replied:

"I would have come—but—I hadn't my shoes on."

"And why," said I severely, "do you run about the streets without your shoes? It is not for want of them, for you have a pair on."

The impulse of self-defense shot from her large eyes and indignantly tore the drooping lids apart. I was afraid she would begin to cry, they sparkled so saltly; but if her tears distilled it was inwardly, and she swallowed them in an audible gulp and answered:

"My little sister, she goes to school yet, and she can't go barefooted; they wouldn't let her in if she did; so she wore mine," with another shamed look and burning cheeks.

"Oh, I see, she ran off with them and left you without; was that the way of it?"

hastening to repair the injustice I had done her.

"I let her wear them," she answered with proud emphasis; "I told her to take them; I didn't know I would need them myself."

We were walking slowly away from the factory, talking as we went, and I intended to bid her "good bye" at the corner and tell her to run home before it grew dark. She was so very small as she trotted beside me that the desire to address her as a mere baby in age was irresistible; and I said gayly, pitying her from the bottom of my heart, "You and your little sister remind me of three funny sisters I used to read about when I went to school. They had but one eye and one tooth between them—what do you think of such a state of affairs?"

She was still so childish that she laughed, and the cloud lifted for a second from her brow. She was so long past her childhood that the cloud descended again, darker than before, in the recollection of her old corroding cares, and she made me this remarkable rejoinder:

"If they had only one mouth to feed when there was three of them, that was a big saving of victuals."

"But my dear Cinderella," I remonstrated, "don't you know that the one mouth really must have had three appetites?"

She stopped then and there, looking up at me with such an expression of disgust, weariness and trouble as I never before saw in so young a face (and the children at Pfalzer's, with whose expression I was familiar, were all prematurely worried and prematurely wise), then answered curtly:

"Seems to me if the one mouth with three appetites had only one throat to it, somebody'd better have cut it at once and been done with it. It is bad enough," she cried, breaking out without warming into anger and rebuke, "it is bad enough as it is, without 'magine'ing it any worse."

Seventy years ago my old woman of the morning had been a happy child. She told me so herself. "I was raised in the country, my dear, and never knew a care while my father and mother lived." She had had her "lamb's days" in clover fields; her remembrances of daisy wreaths and apple blossoms; of "full and plenty"; but here was something more dreadful than gray-haired misfortune. The child in the dull twilight—for the sunshine had faded almost as quickly as it came—spurning resentfully my playful fancies and crushing my fairy love beneath the hard, unlovely knowledge that death is preferable to life. If it had been my business to hold up to an enlightened and Christian community "a model" of innocent childhood with the despair of a world-old sorrow shining in its eyes, straightening the curve of its baby lips, contracting its brow, blighting all that was sweet and good in its tender heart, I might have closed a bargain with her then and there. We were almost in the shadow of the church whose divine head once "took a little child and set him in the midst," but that was so long ago that this child might have been born in the heart of Africa for any gracious word or care she—not a stone's throw from the altar—had ever received from its ministers or its people. Meanwhile, what should I do with her and dismiss her to the gathering night and to her fate?

"Yes, it is bad enough; that's a fact," I assented; "but talking of appetites reminds me that I'm as hungry as the bear—or was it a wolf—that ate Red Riding Hood. Not that there'd be much picking on you if I should fall to eating you, but I do want my supper. You want yours, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, I want it," she said in a tone most significant of the difference between desire and fulfillment, "and guess I can keep on wanting it. Do you think they'd take me to-morrow for a model?"

She waived Red Riding Hood, the bear and the wolf with a shrug of the shoulders and a contemptuous drawing down of her lips, returning to her purpose with inexpressible earnestness of tone and manner. Here was the corner, and here I must send her off, the quicker the better, for she clung like a nettle to the thing she had in mind. If, however, my own meal that night was to have salt or savor, I must believe that she was not thoroughly truthful about hers. To satisfy myself, I said, incredulously:

"Honor bright, gypsey, do you mean to tell me that if you run right straight home to your mother, she won't give you your supper?"

"The idea!" she ejaculated, disdainfully, of course she would if she had it! "A whole flood of bitter remembrance seemed to overwhelm her at the mention of home, and she uttered a cry that startled me. Not that it was so loud or so shrill, but that it was the concentration of despair."

"Oh, to think," she mourned, "if I could only have come yesterday you would have taken me, and now it is too late!"

Not a word did she say of the generous sacrifice of her shoes to the little sister; she was face to face with the irrevocable, and the puny soul wrung her fingers and shook her head like an old crone; she turned away from me, but her tears springing irrepressibly to her eyes and childishly overflowing, she flung them off with angry vehemence, as if she scorned them, and said with amazing energy and a stamp of her foot, "Cry, you fool, cry till you die! Will that help your mother?" and then rushed away as if she had wings.

How was I to eat or sleep, thinking of the little figure tragically flinging the salt drops from her finger tips, and berating aloud the weakness to which they were owing? It was impossible to leave her so; she was running riverward, too, as I thought with a shiver, the woman in her taunting the child, and the child fighting a man's battle. Right or wrong, I dashed after her, laid hold of her, and after a few words more we walked off in the darkness, hand in hand.

If I pick up a grain of corn from this mill of the gods that grinds so slowly, individualize it, separate it from its fellow grains so effectually that it may never return to them again, and then write its story, could it be, after all, so very different from the countless grains that are crushed to death between the upper and the nether mill stone? The home history of my wail was too commonplace to bear repetition; there are thousands like it with no more romance or sentiment environing them than there is about a handful of grain flung into the hopper. A dead father, "killed dead," the child declared, by a something her faulty pronunciation set forth as "an alleywayer"—a cross between an elevator and an alligator—leaving me, free to choose; a sickly mother, whose life spring seemed to have been broken by her troubles; a newsboy brother; a baby of

course; the little sister and the energetic child herself rendered desperate by her terror of the drunken tailor, in whose attic they all lived, and who threatened every rent day to spit them like blackbirds upon his long shears if the money were not promptly forthcoming. There was no use of argument; ordinary as these conditions were, and as I knew them to be, to the brave-hearted child who had them to master they were mountains of difficulty which she must level by the labor of her hands. I cast about, and seeing no other way than that, set to work to obtain for her a foothold in the factory.

With inward qualms and outward cheerfulness I did what must first be done—procured a decent garment or two and a pair of shoes, carried them to her one evening, and, untying the bundle, expected radiant-eyed thanks at sight of the pretty plaid skirt and neat jacket it contained. All children love to be "dressed up," and naturally I supposed she would; but here was a character full of incomprehensible latches. She could not hide her dissatisfaction; she begged to be allowed to wear her "own things," and wept bitterly when assured that she could not come to the factory at all unless she wore the clothes provided for her. It was in vain her mother weakly cried, "Shame on you!" and quite in vain that I coaxed her into trying them on. She touched them as if they were toads, nor had I the remotest idea of what was in her mind until she followed me down the twisted stairs and whispered, in such an agony of wounded pride and shame as certainly amazed me, "Don't tell the other children, will you?"

I read her no lecture, made no remonstrance; her quivering mouth, her red eyes and stained cheeks bore their testimony to the struggle she had undergone, and it was not my part to add one straw's weight to her burden. I told her that hot iron should not draw the secret from me, and bade her be ready bright and early on the morrow.

When I took her hand in mine and went with her to Pharaoh Pfalzer, the senior partner, he had his joke, to be sure, that I, of all the rest, should come to him for such a favor.

"I thought you were down on child labor, down on the whole system, root and branch," said he, with a laugh, "and here you come to me with a scarecrow like that!"

"So I am 'down' on it, and 'down' on myself worse for countenancing it, but 'needs must' when the devil drives." I met this child in the open street; there appears to be laid upon her the fatal necessity of labor. She is not yet ten years old, but she talked so frankly of suicide—under certain circumstances—and the river was so close by that of two evils I could but choose the least, and brought her to you."

"Is it possible?" said he, scrutinizing her as she stood at a short distance. "Well, take her around the factory; begin at the fifth story and see if you can find a corner for her. But stop a bit," he said suddenly, "are you sure she's not a thief?"

I placed my hand upon her shoulder, and answered:

"If she's not an honest girl, you may send me to jail for her; and if she does not do her work faithfully, you may order me out to instant execution."

"All right," he returned, emphatically. "We shall see what we shall see!"

We began at the beginning, she and I; that is, we ascended to the rooms below the roof, where the little pressers, the little lace workers, the little rufflers, were. The foreman was savagely gruff, but most of his savagery was assumed for disciplinary purposes, and he declared that one more child in his department would cause him to "go crazy and brain the whole raft of them," and he strode away, railing with great volubility at the laziness, carelessness and loitering with which he taxed his young subjects.

"Why?" said I to a patient-faced child in a nook who looked up at me, "don't you get tired of that man's scolding?"

"We only hear it when he stops," she answered naively, and dropped her eyes again over her work. To be just to him, he never dreamed of touching them, of striking them, or really injuring them; he simply drove them from sunrise to sunset, and his business must have been as irksome to him as to them, but he had not originated it and he also was subject to the proverb I had quoted to Mr. Pfalzer in the office. It was the same wherever we went, the child and myself; they wanted no more embroidery cutters, nor makers of bows, nor button sewers, nor errand girls; there was but a ghost of a chance among the models; "Number Nineteen" was absent, had been absent for a week; "the stranger" might fill that chink for a while till something else presented itself, or "Number Nineteen" returned, and there I left her, with her fingers trembling, her cheeks scarlet with hope and fear and excitement, her heart beating loud and fast, but her head erect and her shoulders straight, as she fancied a model's should be. I kept my eyes upon her for some days after, fearing she might lose even that slight coign of vantage, when I was told that the child whose place she was holding had died, and so the peg on the wall, the number on the pay roll, the dark little seat in the corner and the dollar and a half per week belonged of right to Cinderella, and I left her to plod her way alone. I heard of her fitfully as doing "pretty well," and sometimes "very well," but no complaint ever reached me until one morning in the fall, when Mr. Pfalzer himself sent for me, for "Number Nineteen," alas! had fallen into disgrace. Woe-begone enough she stood before him, shaking like an aspen.

"You'll have to go to jail first," said he to me, "and then have your head cut off afterward. This girl not only lags and plays, but takes what does not belong to her. See here! I caught her in the very act, fooling away her time with these." He held a cast-off pasteboard box in his hand, and it was full of bits of gilded papers and bright tickets off the goods, and colored bands with tinsel threads in them, such as lay in the litter upon the workroom floors. Their gaudy show had proved too much for her; she had garnered them up in the corner and stolen away at intervals to feast her childish eyes upon them—to her—wonderful splendor. He told her she was stealing to take them, and loathing to look at them, and when she was half frantic with terror and remorse and misery, she begged that he would send for me, and, being there, what could I do but press the little hand that clung to mine and say sorrowfully, "Oh, Number Nineteen, Number Nineteen! Why weren't you good?" If I had blurted out what I thought in my indigna-

tion he might very justly have wondered at me, if he did nothing worse than that. How was the business of the country to go on if the children might shirk and play when they pleased? It could not go on; he was not a brute nor a slave driver, but he had told me hundreds of times that there was "no sentiment in business," and I could not contradict him, having both logic and the facts against me. I made peace then between "Number Nineteen" and him for that time, renewed my responsibilities, and after hearing him quote to her for her edification the lines:

In God's pure eye it is a sin To make a penny's worth in the fire,

while he threw her treasures in the fire, we went back to work, both of us. But her face haunted me, it was so peaked and thin, and the danger of expulsion over, she seemed to turn so deadly white, so languid and faint. "I'll walk home with her to-night," thought I, "and have a talk with her;" but long before it was night they summoned me again. "Number Nineteen" was missing—had been missing for an hour or more. When last seen she was softly crying among the packing boxes at the back end of the room below that in which her duties lay. Her hat and coat were on their peg, but she was gone, as if the earth had opened and swallowed her, and though the children ran hither and thither, called and rang, she never answered, nor could they find a trace of her.

"Didn't you say she talked queer talk for a child?" said Mr. Pfalzer, an ashy hue overspreading his swarthy cheek. "You don't think it possible that she—"

I shook my head and shut my teeth tight together; for too many things were possible in this world for that to be impossible, and just now it was better to say too little than too much. I went to the child, "Number Seven," who had seen her last, and my questioning brought out a curious and pitiful state of affairs. "May be she's dead," said she, "because she was so hungry. Yes, 'dead 'an' double, I seen her my own self eating the crusts and scraps what the other girls throwed into the waste box. She had no dinner this long, long time, and I did want her to have part of mine, but she got mad, and wouldn't even touch it nor look at it, so she wouldn't. She never knowed I seen her eating scraps, but I watched her, so I did, and I seen her tuck them in her pocket. Her mother is sick in bed, I know she is, because 'Number Nineteen' told me so, and that's why she never brings any dinner."

Would it have been a very great wonder if she had in her weakness, and shame, and trouble, thought of the river in that dusky hour before the bell rung? I went straight down the narrow lane between the packing boxes, intending to go out the back door and down the dark alley, as she probably had gone. In my haste my foot stumbled. I reached out a hand to save myself, and it pushed aside an empty case, which stood close to another which was not empty, thank God! for within it, her head upon the shavings and old paper it contained, lay "Number Nineteen" where she had crawled in her exhaustion and disgrace, and she was fast asleep.

"And they all lived happy ever after!"—so a story should end, but whoever likes may end this one, according as they are gentle, or pitiful, or cynical, or just. I myself do not know how it will ever end, for "Number Nineteen" still plods upon her thorny road. I saw her only yesterday.

C. L. ECKEL.

**Australia Wants It.**  
Adelaide (Australia) Our Commonwealth. A property tax, which is now finding so much favor in certain quarters, is a miserable expedient by which those who should pay the greatest share of taxes to the state may escape; it is not in the true sense of the word a direct form of taxation. The persons upon whom it is levied will not pay it. For instance, if a tax is imposed on a merchant's goods, he will certainly charge an enhanced price for them. If a man own a number of houses he will charge an increased rent, so the tax will fall on the occupier. It will be the greatest deterrent to improvement; people are not likely to improve their property, thereby giving employment to the workers, if they are to be heavily fined for it. And the industrial classes will be much worse off than they are at the present time.

The only just and equitable tax that can be imposed is upon the unimproved value of land. The land in every country, no matter how it may have been disposed of, belongs to the whole of the community. It is the only means by which people can live, and from which the necessities of life are drawn, and which men have free access to the soil; they are denied the right to live. By imposing a tax on land it embraces everything else, as it is the foundation from which everything in the shape of wealth is drawn. It cannot possibly be evaded, nor can it be shifted on to the shoulders of anyone else. The land cannot be hidden, and its value can be easily ascertained. The notion that pervades the minds of some people that the occupier of land will be taxed in proportion to the improvements he places upon the land is ridiculous. The assessment is not based upon the value of every year's block, but upon its situation and accessibility. If a farmer, by dint of hard labor and the expenditure of capital, improves his land by draining or irrigation or any other means, he will pay no more taxes than those in the immediate vicinity who choose to let their land lie idle.

**Canada Is Thinking.**  
Hamilton, Ont., Evening Mail.

The reason that people who have to depend upon their labor for their bread are not so hard put in Canada as in Ireland is not that the Canadian land laws are more favorable to the workers than the Irish land laws, but because there are fewer people to the square mile in Canada than in Ireland. That is a difference which only requires time for its removal. Canadians are multiplying in geometrical progression by natural increase, and they are inviting immigrants to settle among them. In course of time there will be urgent competition for land in Canada. Even now the prices and rents of agricultural land are so high that many farmers' sons lie away to the cities or emigrate to the United States in search of the means of livelihood. The Canadian land laws enable capitalists to hold town and country land idle for speculation, just as the Irish land laws permit the holding of wide tracts for parks and game preserves.

The same remedy which would solve the land question in Ireland would solve the land question in Canada. The abolition of all taxes on goods, houses and improvements would make every dollar earned by more of the comforts of life in either country, and the taking of the land rent by the state as a tax for public purposes would make it unprofitable for landlords in either country to keep land idle for speculation or for purposes of speculation or of pleasure.

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**Dakota Should Not Complain.**  
MERRICOURT, Dak. — Congress has adjourned and once more Dakota has failed to receive justice at the hands of our nation's lawmakers. A disfranchised people, half a million strong, plead for statehood—and must continue pleading. The republicans will admit Dakota to statehood only as two states, because it is republiken; the democrats will not admit it as one for the same reason. The exigencies of party are greater than the rights of citizenship nowadays. But then Dakota should not complain. Congress has granted two of the great railway corporations additional privileges within the territory, and of course railway corporations are of more importance than the people!

## A TALK WITH MY NEIGHBOR.

Faraway Moses Tells His Friend All About It—The Right Sort of Religion.

So you think an old split broom maker like me oughtn't to have anything to say about social and political affairs, do you, Mike? You've got one of your particular feelings on, have you? Think we ought to just sit down and grumble about the hard times, without stating our grievances in the papers? I don't get my shirt starched in that style, and when I get an idea in my head I generally dig it out and ask the public whether they can see any sense in it. I have just as much right to point out the evils of an unjust system as any other man. There is a class of people—and you are one of them—who think there are no great truths uttered, unless some great general or ex-president, or a venerable-headed judge gives birth to them. Don't I stand just as good a chance to wobble into a little wisdom here in the backwoods as some fellow who gets shawed by a professional barber and drinks old wine?

Such men as these have been doing the thinking for us at a fat salary long enough; and what have we come to? The thinkers have enriched themselves, and we poor fellows who have laid our thinking apparatus up in the garret and depended on our muscles, are coming out at the contracted nozzle of the public horn.

The man who knows all about theology or medicine or astronomy perhaps can't run a government any better than a man who can pick out a good broomstick or lay the corner stone of a four-story house.

I don't pretend to know anything about medicine, and it makes no difference to me if a man's entrails are forty feet long and the doctor's physic at the rate of five cents an inch. I never figure this up to see how much it will cost to cure a bilious attack, because I know the doctor will get there with his bill, let the world wag as she will.

But the distress in this country, which no doctor can cure, and no minister can ameliorate, is a subject on which we should all spend a few thoughts.

These great men on whom you place your reliance don't belong to the distressed crowd. You have employed them to think for you, but they seldom think about you. Oh, yes, they are thinking for you, but their thoughts are all about themselves. The present system hasn't snatched the clothing from their backs or the roof from their family, and they can still go to bed and thank God they are not like other men.

If you are not going to use your own brains, Mike, you may as well put them up in tin foil and save them for a Christmas gift for your grandchildren.

"What good will thinking do," did you say? Why, it will teach you how to vote and who to vote for. Your vote is the essential little thing that will help solve the great problem. We're not going to take this country across our knee and fan the foundation with blood and thunder, and have a grand jubilee of wine and plunder. That's bad enough for unthinking men to do.

That would be about like cutting a heathen's head off to teach him Christianity. (This has often been done, but the poor heathen is seldom benefited by this rigorous treatment.) This new theory will not look so doubtful after it has come into practice. Nobody is going to be robbed. Man's greed will merely be bridled, and the weak will be protected by the strong arm of a sensible government.

Any man that doesn't want the whole earth will be pleased with the situation after everything is adjusted, and happy homes spring up where now is poverty and crime.

Do you remember when you and I used to go in swimming in Bladgott's mill pond, and would always hesitate about jumping into the



